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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

The Week.

Attorney-General Bonaparte now frankly admits that the government proposes to take no proceedings against labor unions for boycotting. This method of warfare has been held by the Supreme Court, in a unanimous decision, to be in violation of the Anti-Trust law. Application has been directly made to the Department of Justice, Mr. Bonaparte concedes, to begin an action against one powerful labor union for defiantly persisting in a boycott, but nothing is to be done. Indeed, the head of that labor union is in frequent consultation with the President, to prepare an amendment of the law so as to make labor unions immune. Moreover, certain District Attorneys who, in their innocence, supposed that all violators of Federal laws were to be prosecuted, and who went ahead and had boycotters indicted, have been rebuked by the Attorney-General for excess of zeal, and directed to discontinue all such proceedings until further orders from Washington. In the specific case of the District Attorney at New Orleans, Mr. Bonaparte admits this. He states that this Federal prosecutor was "a new appointee and somewhat zealous." The ostensible reason for thus extending immunity to a certain class of law-breakers is that the Department of Justice has "experts in such matters" and that impetuous District Attorneys ought not to proceed except by advice from Washington. Yet it takes no expert to see that this reduces the administration of justice to arbitrary whim. If the Administration desires to prosecute a certain man or corporation, prosecuted he or it is; but if for any reason it is regarded as "inconvenient" to arraign another violator of the statute, the machinery of the law is stopped. One has but to imagine the different reception which the decision of the Supreme Court would have met with from the Administration had it been against one of the President's pet malefactors. But since it was labor unions that were shown to be lawless, we have nothing but a grieved official silence, while the leader of the law-breakers is summoned to the White House in order to help draft a bill which will enable labor unions to snap their fingers at the general law. This is precisely the same as if President Roosevelt had sent for E. H. Harriman, after the Northern Securities decision, to plan with him some way of getting around it. We have heard many loud boasts that this Administration is "no respecter of persons." That may be; but its present course in the matter of organized labor defying the law, shows that it is, at any rate, a respecter of votes.

Senator Tillman has his uses, after all. A rude man, with utter scorn for the artificialities of "Senatorial courtesy," he sometimes utters the blunt and wholesome truth. In his attack upon the President on Monday he suddenly turned upon the Republican Senators with the demand why they dared not say in public what they were all saying in private. Publicly, they displayed the most cowardly servility to the President; in the cloak-rooms, as in their clubs and hotels and private houses, they spoke of him with the utmost dislike, bordering on personal hatred and fierce hostility. Where was their manliness, that they were afraid to utter a word of all this in open Senate? The challenge was met by Senator Beveridge alone. He denied that the relations of President Roosevelt to the leading men of his party in Congress were what Tillman alleged. Perfect harmony existed. The great minds at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue had reached the *idem sentire de republica*, so how could there be anything but hearty coöperation and the best of good feeling? If this was intended as a merry conceit, there is nothing to be said against it; but that, as a serious statement, it is a travesty of the actual truth, is known of all men. No one is more vividly aware of it than President Roosevelt himself. The bitterest language is used on both sides. Republican Senators speak with an indignation almost comic, so intense yet carefully confidential is it, about the course and speeches and messages of the President. He, on his part, gives them the benefit of his unbridled tongue. His epigrams about the most venerated of them, his arraignment of them by name —all this is retailed about Washington as the common gossip of the day. The amusing part of all this is the assumption of secrecy which has been kept up, in the face of the most widely-trumpeted publicity. Things are no longer done at Washington in a corner. What one Senator whispers in the ear of another, is instantly proclaimed from the housetops And the President's impulsive and picturesque *Tischreden*, busybodies and go-betweens immediately report. All that has happened is that Tillman has kicked over the screen behind which both sides make a decent pretence of hiding. There may be an apparent reconciliation between the President and the chiefs of his party in Washington, before the end of the session; but if so it will be like that famous conciliatory meeting between Lord John Russell and Palmerston, of which it was said that they embraced each other and then went away more deadly enemies than ever.

The Federal Administration, with the Civil Service Commission, is taking a highly technical and really indefensible position respecting complaints about the political activity of officeholders. The disposition is to pin the whole question down to the classified service. If the Federal employees complained of are not in that service, then, it seems to be argued, there is no ground for objecting to their attending and managing political conventions. For example, Frank Fisher, postmaster at Paducah, and Thomas L. Walker, postmaster at Lexington, are charged, the one with "spending the major part of his time organizing western Kentucky for Secretary Taft," the other with "directing the Taft fight in the eastern part of the State." Is it sufficient to reply that these men are not in the classified service? Far from it. The laws, rules, and directions governing the whole matter were epitomized in a separate publication by the Civil Service Commission in May of last year. They show clearly that the prohibition of partisan activity is by no means limited to employees in the classified service. First, we have the order of President Cleveland, dated July 14, 1886, directing Federal officeholders not to make their influence "felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions." It was added that "the use by these officials of their positions to compass their selection as delegates to political conventions is indecent and unfair." Then we have the official letter of President Roosevelt, written June 13, 1902, explicitly declaring that "the Executive order of President Cleveland, of July 14, 1886, is *still in force*." There followed some general instructions, which apply to all persons holding office:

> Officeholders must not use their offices to control political movements, must not neglect their public duties, must not cause public scandal by their activity.

That is signed Theodore Roosevelt. So is a passage in the minutes of the Civil Service Commission, of August 14, 1894, which runs:

> There need not be the slightest apprehension that any officeholder will be wronged by not allowing him to take part in running the caucus or be active in a campaign. The danger does not lie that way. *The danger lies in the use of patronage to control nominating conventions and elections.*

Now, these rules would, if vigorously enforced, put an end to the meddling of officeholders in politics, of which there

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is evidence from one end of the country to the other. Federal employees *are* neglecting their duties; they *are* seeking to control political movements; they *are* causing public scandal. We care not in whose interest the thing is done—whether for Taft or Fairbanks or Cannon or Knox or Hughes. It is grossly improper and also illegal.

Mr. Taft's speech in Brooklyn Monday night took up the suppression of the qualified negro vote in the South. He admitted that this makes "a dead letter" of the Fifteenth Amendment. The legislative acts under which it is sought to justify discrimination against property-owning and educated colored men, he described as mere "evasions" of the Constitution. And he used plain words about the "fraud and violence" by which the negro vote has been eliminated. But when we ask what is to be done about it, his reply is, Nothing. We are to trust that "industrial progress in the South," and "the closer union between the sections," will secure, in the end, the equal political rights of the negro. This is an opinion which Mr. Taft is entitled to hold. But this careful statement of his views makes our curiosity all the greater about that plank in the Ohio platform which explicitly proposes to cut down the representation of the Southern States as the just way of meeting the disfranchisement of Southern voters. Does Secretary Taft approve of that part of the platform upon which his Presidential candidacy was proclaimed by the Ohio Convention? Is he in favor of putting such a plank in the national platform? The inference from his speech Monday night would be that he decidedly is not. But, in that case, we have the other inference forced upon us that his friends in Ohio went far beyond what he really believes and intends, and apparently did so for the sake of catching negro votes in Ohio.

What Gov. Hughes had to say about the tariff before the Brown Alumni at Boston last week may fairly be called a counsel of perfection. Beginning with the proposition that a majority of our citizens want tariff revision, he proceeded to a description of the spirit in which the revision of the Dingley schedules should be undertaken:

> It should be accomplished fairly, promptly, without log rolling, not in any sense as a matter of political manœuvring, but in the interest of the American people as a whole. We shall adhere to the policy of protecting American industry. We are not prepared to surrender our scale of wages or permit our standards of living to be reduced to those which prevail in other countries. Upon a complete and just examination of the facts any needed readjustment may be had to the end that the schedules may harmonize with the principle underlying the protective policy and the reasonable necessities of American production as compared with production abroad.

We wish most devoutly that the first part of this counsel might be followed. A "complete and just examination of the facts" would show, we believe, that the Dingley tariff serves not "the interests of the American people as a whole," but that of a small influential minority; that "our scale of wages and standards of living" are not dependent on a high tariff, but have been maintained at all stages of our varying fiscal policy; and that, finally, the "reasonable necessities of American production" do not include taxation of American consumers, since, as repeated investigations have shown, the highest wages and the lowest labor-cost are often found together in the American factories. But does the Governor really imagine that a Republican Congress in his lifetime will overhaul the tariff in the spirit which he describes with such fine idealism? If Congress had been actually animated by that spirit, certain features of the Dingley law would have gone years ago. Clear statements of fact are at times wonderfully potent in politics. No one in public life has been able to accomplish more by plain statement and lucid analysis than Gov. Hughes himself. Yet these forces need to be supplemented. If the racing bills are adopted by the New York Legislature, it will be because they are fought for, because they are presented as moral questions, and the tale of the evil they would cure is iterated and reiterated. The weakness of the Governor's tariff position, we think, is in his failure to see this, too, as a moral question, and his belief that, without powerful pressure from outside, Congress can be trusted to deal with it on grounds of abstract fairness.

The safe arrival of our battleship fleet in Magdalena Bay is legitimate cause for national gratification. It does not enter into the question that the notable cruise which has now been practically completed should have been undertaken after official denials and grave doubt as to its wisdom. Once the voyage had been decided upon, there could be no dissentients from the common hope that our ships and their men would come up to the high standard of efficiency implied in the test to which they were submitted; and it is an indubitable sign of efficiency that the fleet, without strain or mishap, should have arrived at its destination somewhat ahead even of its schedule. It is a maxim of modern naval strategy that a fleet is as fast as its slowest unit. That Admiral Evans should have brought in his command of sixteen battleships without delay or loss in stragglers is not the least notable achievement of the cruise. There is still bound to be much troubled talk about what is to come when target practice in Magdalena Bay is over. Certain prophets will continue to see visions of bloody war. But for the present it is enough that our ships, so far, have been much more active for peace than for war in leaving a trail of international good will along both coasts of Latin America.

It may be, as Representative Boutell says, that the Congressional committee investigating the submarine boat scandals was merely following precedents when it required Mr. Lilley to state his whole case before other witnesses were called, and the outside counsel retained by both parties to submit all their questions to the committee in writing. Nevertheless, on their face these decisions hardly square with common sense. Mr. Lilley's two lawyers have withdrawn from the case because, as they say, they could accomplish nothing under the restrictions imposed by the committee. Why, it is fair to ask, should counsel be allowed at all if they are to be debarred from using those methods of eliciting the truth from witnesses for which counsel chiefly exist in the courtroom? Notable Congressional inquiries, like the Smoot case, have been conducted by counsel on both sides, the committee occupying rather the position of a board of judges. The theory of our whole judicial system is that the conflict of two trained lawyers with freedom to ask questions germane to the inquiry is a better method of obtaining the truth than any other yet devised by the wit of man. No one supposes that the Congressional committee has discovered a better. The public, we may add, tolerant as it is of official laxity, has shown itself sensitive to a degree on the subject of investigations that do not investigate. It is nearly as serious a matter for a statesman to be caught with a whitewash brush in his hand as if that implement were a sectional "jimmy" to be used for breaking into the Treasury. Certainly, a committee which has the honor of the House of Representatives to uphold should be itself above suspicion.

Democratic Senators voted to sustain the President in discharging the colored soldiers, but that has not debarred them from sarcastic allusions to the way in which he is now trying to escape the consequences of his own action. He has asked the Senate for authority to reinstate "any man who, in his judgment, shall appear not to be in the class whose discharge was deemed necessary." But the President's order of November 5, 1906, declared that the discharge of "every man" in the companies at Brownsville was necessary. Moreover, they were all to be "forever debarred from reënlisting in the army or navy of the United States." But now,

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the President desires to give practically the whole of them an opportunity to re-enlist. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs is to bring in a bill to authorize Mr. Roosevelt to reverse himself. It is not strange that the Democrats have to have their little flings at the "race" which the Republicans are now running to see who can do most to appease the dissatisfied negro voters. The net result of the inquiry is technically to uphold the President, by aid of the Democrats on the Committee, but actually to have brought out a mass of convincing evidence that Mr. Roosevelt's action was hasty, arbitrary, and unjust. That he is now conducting a thinly-disguised retreat from his first position, is the best proof that it was badly taken.

Trial by jury sometimes seems to be breaking down; but fresh illustrations of its success usually come along to vindicate it. One is the verdict against the men who cheated in the building and furnishing of the Pennsylvania Capitol. The case was intricate, and the proof of conspiracy, always difficult to establish, depended largely upon circumstantial evidence. Yet the jury saw its way clear through all the subtleties of the counsel for the defence, and found the high-placed thieves guilty. A sentence to jail now awaits them. Sentence has actually been imposed in Chicago upon John R. Walsh, for illegal use of the funds of certain banks. In this case, too, a patient jury sifted the facts and arrived at a verdict unquestionably just. Much credit, too, is due the presiding judge, and his plain-spoken address to the prisoner should carry far beyond its immediate application. Judge Anderson said that the position of a bank president is one of the highest trust, and that it is utterly inconsistent with his being a promoter. If more speculating bankers should see prison doors yawning, it would be a good thing, not only for banking, but for public morals.

The rejection of the Unemployed Workmen's bill by the British House of Commons will bring to the Liberal party mingled advantage and disadvantage. The firm stand taken by Mr. Asquith and John Burns against a measure of avowedly socialistic character is generally characterized as the first important step towards a rupture between the Liberals and the Laborites. Naturally, the defection of so large an element in the House of Commons is a disadvantage to any government that wishes to remain in power; and the Liberal government is only human. On the other hand, by coming out definitely against hot-haste progress toward Socialism, the Cabinet has succeeded in freeing itself from a good deal of the ambiguity that has surrounded its intentions ever since it came into power with a top-heavy majority that has kept the government hesitating between policy and policy. By so much as definiteness of aim is a gain, the Liberal party has gained by this vote. The majority may not be so fleshy now, but is more athletic; and a fighting government with a slim majority may, on the whole, live as long as a government blundering along under the staggering weight of its votes.

Those who maintain that English political methods are not, after all, so much purer than our own, will find comfort in the debate in the House of Commons the other day on "Secret Political Funds." That the war-chests of both parties had been supplied by the practical sale of peerages was openly charged, and scarcely denied. The member for St. Pancras, Mr. Lea, was particularly outspoken. He affirmed that the titles and decorations in vogue in his country "are just as lacking in dignity, prestige, and moral worth as the methods by which they were obtained are corrupt and nauseous." He asserted that the tariff for these honors was well known; in one case as great a sum as $750,000 had been paid. Analyzing the creation of peers since 1903—two years under the Conservatives and two under the Liberals—he found that more than 20 per cent. were given in return for pecuniary aid to the party committees. Further than this, there has grown up a special Tariff League fund, out of which grants are made to favored candidates. The use of money from such sources comes perilously near violating the Corrupt Practices Act. All told, there was a great deal of dirty political linen aired in the debate, and incidental support given to the doctrine that political corruption is thicker than water, that bribed hands reach across the sea, etc.

While doubts may still remain as to the ultimate success of the reorganization of the London *Times*, just sanctioned by the courts, the radical changes that would have been involved in the transfer of the great newspaper to the control of the Pearson interests have probably been avoided. In that there is much satisfaction. It may be good that there shall be "hustling" journalism, but woe to him by whom "hustling" journalism cometh. A new paper, born screaming and yellow in the face, is endurable; but for an institution like the *Times* to take on the cap and bells of "up-to-date" newspaper methods is a tragedy. Though under the new arrangement the control of the *Times* is to remain with its present managers, we cannot but think that they will profit by their recent experience. As a matter of fact, the adoption of methods of a somewhat yellowish tinge—book enterprises and anti-publisher crusades—is one of the things that seriously damaged the *Times*. In any case, a resumption of some of the best traditions of the past may now be hoped for.

The burden of the latest news from Morocco is that things have been going well with the French. The cause of Mulai Hafid is on the decline. The other day a dispatch told of the offer made by two of his supporters to deliver his head to Abd-el-Aziz; and now Mulai Hafid is reported to be seeking peace with the French. The Shawia tribes of the region about Casablanca and Mazagan, in which Gen. d'Amade has been carrying on his campaign, have fought well. Mulai Hafid's own army seems to have done no less. But the French commander was quick to realize that he was confronted with the possibility of war on a larger scale, and adopted measures accordingly. The policy of mere resistance was abandoned for one of active aggression, by the system of flying columns which Gen. Lyautey has recently used with remarkable success on the Algerian frontier. In the course of the last two months severe engagements have been fought with invariable success for the French. Yet as late as the first week of March the government took the decisive step of dispatching a reinforcement of 4,000 men, making the French strength in western Morocco over 10,000 in all, together with the experienced Gen. Lyautey in a sort of advisory capacity. Before this method of war on a large scale Mulai Hafid's power is apparently collapsing.

Edmondo de Amicis, who died last week, was the most conspicuous representative, in modern Italian literature, of the classic traditions, whose fame has been obscured by the achievements of latter-day naturalism and mysticism of the more or less hectic type. Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao have in all probability been read abroad much more than De Amicis, whose talent, in general, was not extraordinary. To us, as to the world at large, he is best known through a single book of child life, "Cuore," which has become one of the classics of European literature. But, without possessing the gifts of a D'Annunzio or a Carducci, the author of "Cuore" and of numerous volumes of entertaining travel had the sane and sympathetic outlook upon life, and the power of appealing to elemental sentiments regarding the value of accepted standards, without which a writer can never hope to be taken to its heart by a nation. Such a rank Carducci held, and such a rank, in spite of a rather theatric patriotism, D'Annunzio has not yet attained. In favor of the dead author were, of course, his notable share in the drama of Italian liberation, and the very fact of a long life and a fertile productivity.

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TRUE AND FALSE MORAL ISSUES.

In a time of much confused thought and loose talk about moral issues in politics, the bills to extinguish gambling at race tracks, which Gov. Hughes has finally led a reluctant Legislature to accept, furnish a plain and excellent test of the genuine and the insincere in such matters. The issue which they present is moral, because it has to do with a widespread public temptation and demoralizing vice; and it is an issue which may properly be thrown into politics, because the organic law of the State enables the Legislature to act upon it by way of statute and penalty. First we have the moral agitation. It is directed to a specific evil. That evil can be delimited. Thereupon, its relation to the lawmaking power comes under discussion, and it is found that ample authority exists to deal with the immoral conditions by a law which can unquestionably be enforced. It is a typical case of a true moral issue.

These race-track bills, now happily on their way to enactment at Albany, stand in marked contrast with certain projects of legislation that are put forward as moral. We hear a great deal about the "moral awakening" that has taken place within the past few years. It is a consequence of it, we are told, that State Legislatures, and particularly Congress, are called upon to undertake all sorts of new legislation aimed at economic or social ills. But mere vague complaint, however loud, is not necessarily moral. To raise a great outcry and produce dissatisfaction and unrest by incessant clamor, without once making precise the public evil to be attacked, or explaining the weapons that are to be used against it, is often to do the commonwealth disservice. Complaints should always lead to cure. If the conscientious public man cannot isolate and define the bad condition which he wishes to remedy, and next show accurately the legal means by which it is feasible to proceed, then he should generally hold his peace. The demagogue will not, of course, because his stock in trade is to cry aloud; and the more undefined his charges and the more inarticulate his shouts, the better he gets on.

There is no occasion to condemn agitation, provided it has a specific cause and a clear purpose. Even noisy agitation has to be tolerated, in an age when some men will not believe that you are in earnest unless you scream. Burke said that we must not object to clamor when we could not deny the abuse. But when we speak, politically, of an abuse, we should always mean something which exists in political conditions, and which can be done away with by ordinary political tools. There are abuses which have their root in the weakness of human nature. They exist under any form of government, and are independent of any. Matters of personal habit and individual tendency and practice are often grossly offensive, shocking to contemplate and degrading in their effects; yet they are private, not public, abuses, because there is no way of reaching them by public law.

Any statesman who asserts that his proposals involve moral issues, exposes himself to a searching trial both of his intellectual soundness and his personal sincerity. It will not long be hidden if he is a shallow thinker; and if he shirks the logical results of his arguments, we know what to think of the genuineness of his devotion to reform. There has been, for example, much thundering in the political heavens about "swollen fortunes." They have been held up as a grievous wrong, their possessors have been described as little better than criminals, and the urgent duty of the hour has been declared to be to devise some means of mulcting them heavily. But this is a case, first of all, for clear thinking. Swollen fortunes may or may not be a bad thing, in their public effects—and it is only with their public effects that the legislator can deal. If they are the fruit of political corruption; if they are law-made; if they represent purchased privilege; if they grow out of the prostitution of governmental powers to private gain—then, indeed, we have a definite public evil. But what is the honest way to deal with it? Is it by vague denunciation and loud but empty threats? Will the statesman, as distinct from the demagogue, content himself with railing at the inequality of fortunes, stirring up every sort and degree of class hatred thereby, without once pointing out the steps that may be taken to undo the wrong? We think not. We think that any public man, with a clear head and an honest heart, who studies the problems of inordinate wealth in this country, will be driven to the conclusion that he can do only one thing to take the sting out of it. He can abolish the wealth-creating privileges conferred upon certain individuals by law. When he sees, for example, a tariff law which as good as places millions in the pockets of favored individuals, he will set his hand to the work of striking out such iniquities from the public statutes. A really sincere and firm statesman would be ashamed to prate about "swollen fortunes," yet, for party reasons, to refrain from saying one word about the protective duties that made so many of them possible.

As against such indefinite and inconclusive proceedings, under the name of a moral issue, the course of Gov. Hughes in connection with the bills to do away with public gambling, stands out instructively. He singled out his abuse. He showed that it was clearly remediable by law. Then he bent himself to such an explanation and advocacy of the reform he desired, that public sentiment was powerfully evoked. The best people of the State let it be known that they were with him. The whole was a fine example of a real moral issue at work. It should be an encouragement to political reformers everywhere, while having its plain warnings for self-seeking and trumpery politicians.

GERMANY'S LAW AGAINST SPECULATION.

The Hepburn bill to impose a prohibitive tax on "margin" transactions, taken with the President's investigation of stock-gambling, makes instructive a review of similar legislation in Germany. The results of the Bourse Law of 1896 and of subsequent legislation raising the listing tax on exchange securities and imposing a transfer tax on each sale, must be construed, however, in the light of two considerations. One is the peculiar constitution of the Berlin Bourse, where, prior to 1896, securities were commonly bought and sold "for the account," or monthly settlement. The other is the tempering effect which the easy resort to foreign exchanges was bound to have on the speculative current whose outlet was not choked up, but merely diverted into other channels.

The Bourse Law of 1896 was the outcome of flagrant dishonesty which had come to light in transactions going back to 1891. The government appointed a commission of investigation, which rendered a well-sifted report with conservative recommendations in November, 1893. The bills drafted for parliamentary approval went far beyond the projected remedies suggested by the commission, and the Agrarians loaded the measures down still further with an absolute prohibition of time dealings in grain on the produce exchanges. Similar in purpose and spirit was the provision which forbade future dealings in the securities of mining and industrial companies. The purpose which animated both the big landlords and the large industrial proprietors was to abolish the low prices in produce and in industrial shares, which they alleged resulted from short sales. Another peculiarity of the Bourse Law was the attempt to keep "lambs" out of the market by providing an official register in which speculators had to enter their names on penalty of having contracts non-enforceable at law. It was naïvely supposed that a book in which one must write himself down, not an ass—or not an ass only—but a gambler, would deter many who would not hesitate to speculate *sub rosa*. Besides these provisions, there was a cumbrous system of regulation, inspection, checks, and balances by the dozen, to make up a good dose of paternal regimentation.

The effect of the law was most quickly felt in the produce exchanges. The Berlin dealers in produce, who had pre-

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viously occupied one section of the Bourse proper, proceeded to abandon their wonted place of business, and migrated to a neighboring variety theatre, appropriately called the Fairy Palace. Here, without the formal rules of exchange business, as to official fixation of prices and stipulations for contract enforcement, they proceeded to "enjoy the angry gods" both of the scandalized bureaucracy and the outraged Agrarians. The official register they let severely alone, and took their chances on their contracts for future delivery. Furious interpellations of the Ministry resulted in a tardy administrative order to the Fairy Palace to qualify as a produce exchange. This order was contemptuously neglected, with the result that the ever-faithful *Polizei* made a descent on the palace on June 11, 1897, and nailed it up. Driven from their refuge, some of the more persistent dealers ingeniously rented an abandoned hospital. Here they set up pseudo-offices in the stalls or booths which communicated with the central corridors, and contended that they were doing, not an exchange business, but exchanges in their own private counting-houses.

Soon, the grain trade of the empire had become seriously disrupted. Produce exchanges in some of the smaller cities had closed, and reliable prices for future delivery were not quotable. The only persons to benefit were local dealers, who gave the farmers less for their grain, and charged the millers more. The middleman's profit, moreover, was fairly legitimate, as he now carried the risks attendant upon holding the stocks he purchased. As if to point the revenge which the produce brokers had taken on the community, the Minister of War complained of the danger confronting the nation. He could not obtain guaranty of large deliveries, and pointed out that a war emergency would leave the army administration in a grave plight. The Minister of Commerce approached the grain dealers, and on April 2, 1900, the Berlin Produce Exchange welcomed back its long-lost sons. The government shamefacedly recognized their right to deal in futures and to publish time quotations. The only concessions made by the grain dealers was to accept representatives of the grain interest on their managing board, and to print "For actual grain" on their sales memoranda. Thus the dangers of "paper wheat" were cured by a paper-phrase.

In the security market the prohibition of time dealings in the leading industrials resulted mainly in changing the form but not the essence of speculation in these stocks. Cash transactions superseded the older dealings "for the account," and the ups and downs of prices were, if anything, intensified by the change. This change had also the effect of concentrating the business in the hands of the large Berlin banks. Unlike our banks, these institutions do a large brokerage business in stocks and in the issue of securities. They are also permitted to "match orders." If they receive buying and selling orders in the same security, they simply make the transfer, and exact commissions from both principals. Hence, the larger the bank, the larger the gain from this process; and the greater the speculation for immediate delivery, the greater the facilities the big banks can afford by reason of their large cash holdings. Between 1897 and 1900 a carnival of stock speculation prevailed in Berlin—which demonstrated the ineffectual character of the Bourse Law as a preventive of speculation.

The more recent heavy listing and transfer taxes have had the result of driving certain kinds of speculation to foreign exchanges, and of lessening in some degree residual speculation at home. But German experience seems clearly to show the general utility of grain futures, the inadequacy of law to lessen seriously a speculative mania, and the ease with which speculation migrates to foreign exchanges. Whether the incidental lessening of speculation is worth purchasing at the cost of demoralizing quotations and penalizing the legitimate investor and the legitimate business of the speculative "hedge," is more than questionable.

ENGLISH AND OTHER TEACHING.

The fact is brought out by a correspondent in another column, that teachers of English composition frequently get more hindrance than help from their colleagues in other subjects. Parents as well as professors in college wax eloquent over the lack of eloquence, and even of correct speech, in the rising generation, and declare that the whole tribe of teachers of English are too much occupied with the beauties of literature and the difference between Carlyle's and Macaulay's views of Boswell to drill their pupils in spelling, punctuation, and the rudiments of grammar. As we have recently pointed out, too many teachers think that literary criticism is a possible and fit occupation for children of tender years; but, as our correspondent shows, teachers of English are more often the sufferers than the sinners. Who can inculcate a belief that bad spelling and slovenly sentences are a sign of illiteracy when teachers of the classics, which are extolled as the very headspring of culture, and teachers of science, which is proclaimed the only begetter of modern thought, look on blunders in English as slips into which any educated man, even they themselves in moments of preoccupation, may fall? And from the other point of view, what is the pardonable confusion between *their* and *there* to a man who must impress the quantities of Latin vowels or the accents of Greek verbs on unwilling young barbarians? Or why should one whose thought is given to the eternal laws of gravitation and of the conservation of energy have to think of such ephemera as clearness and neatness of exposition? If a pupil gets an exact command of the grammar and archæology of Cæsar and Virgil, and learns to do experiments in physics and chemistry without bungling, why should he be bothered with a trifle like spelling, which business men now entrust to stenographers, or with such decorative graces as accuracy and facility of expression?

But, seriously, the fact that in many schools the ordinary decencies of written style are held to concern one teacher alone is a crying scandal. Merely from the point of view of waste of money it calls for a remedy: why pay for instruction in a subject when it is certain that the effect of that instruction will be nullified by mere inattention and carelessness on the part of other teachers? The other teachers, it may be said, have enough to do to keep their own houses swept without cleaning up after the department of English. The answer is that children are remarkably like their elders both in their inability to do things that are not required of them, and in their ability to do the same things under the spur. If a child knows that bad spelling and abortive sentences mean a failure and extra work in history, geography, or translation, he will spell and write better in all his courses. Thus the expense of training him in English will be greatly lessened.

The economy of money is the least consideration, however. The evil to be met is the squandering of time and effort in schools where there is no such coöperation. Modern teaching proceeds on the formation of habit through constant repetitions of the same acts, whether mental or bodily; and it recognizes that irregularities in the repetition indefinitely postpone the formation of the mental grooves which make for facility and accuracy of execution. Now, just in so far as a child is allowed to write carelessly in other subjects, just so far is he hindered in acquiring the habitual, unthinking command of his mother tongue. What he gains in one hour he throws out of window in the next. The truth is that formal exercises in English composition are likely to become artificial and wholly detached from the pupil's interests, either in play or study, and in so far forth almost useless. The study of ancient and modern languages, however, might incidentally be made an almost ideal drill in the choice of the exact word and in the construction of vertebrate sentences; but nine times out of ten it is not. Reports on laboratory experiments and other work in the sciences might

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be models of clear and orderly exposition; but they seldom are. Every teacher of English in a college is familiar with the way in which the ablative absolute clings to freshman and sophomore English; and it is obvious that a boy who in his exercises in history or physics has put every sentence into a separate paragraph will not think of paragraphs as a natural and useful tool of expression. Children who have been thus neglected, instead of growing up with the habit of easy and efficient expression, must work out what they have to say by laborious application of rules and canons which ought to have become second nature. Such a dissipation of energy would be laughable if it were not so deplorable.

Much may be done by active and intelligent principals and superintendents. Definite requirement of good English in all classes, followed up by joint meetings of departments in a school, would help to impress the minds of indifferent teachers of other subjects. And in the selection of new teachers, insistence that correctness in the use of their own language is the beginning of wisdom, without which none will be either called or chosen, would do still more. Men and women who look forward to teaching would then have to take some pains with their own style. Certainly, school committees and superintendents would be justified in placing a reasonable command of English style on an equality with a grounding in the principles of pedagogy. Eventually, both schools and colleges should aspire to putting into practice the admirable system for some years in force at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by which the teachers of any subject may at any time send the writer of a slovenly report or thesis back to the department of English for further instruction. This is the surest remedy; for it assumes that the one universal accomplishment of the educated man is a command of the resources of his own language. But in the meantime our schools should look to their harness, and make sure that the very process of teaching a boy Latin or physics or history does not contribute to making him illiterate in the use of his mother tongue. The truth is that if all the teachers did their duty toward English, the special teacher of English composition would be a superfluity.

AMUSEMENT AT THE ABNORMAL.

The proposed banishment of "freaks" from one of the circuses has been the occasion of much genial comment. Regret has been expressed for their departure, as if they had really been old friends. To some it may have seemed that, having no immemorial pantomime, this nation had made the circus "annex" provide a substitute, so that the human skeleton was our Pierrot, the fat lady our Columbine, and the tattooed man our Harlequin. If such were the case, then the freaks would be entitled to sympathy as victims of a prosaic and commercial age.

Yet, in fact, it is neither lack of imagination nor commercialism that is driving the freaks from their comfortable position. They were doomed from the day when the public began to realize what they really were. The passing of the freaks is not a casual incident in the history of the circus, but a striking illustration of the tendency which has been in progress for centuries toward the humanizing of our amusements. Even in the case of the freaks the change has really not been sudden. The odd and uncanny men and women who will one day be forced to depend for livelihood on the few remaining dime museums are natural prodigies. A few generations ago such human curiosities were manufactured by abominably cruel processes. In recent years, however, the armless and legless man, to obtain an engagement, must have been born that way, not maimed in infancy. Incidentally, he was all the more of a rarity, since demand was not allowed to create supply. But even a manager who had no hand in the man's mutilation would find it unprofitable to exhibit one who was simply the victim of barbarity. Managers, also, found out long ago that their attractions must be sane. An idiot might be ever so fantastically framed; it would not do to exhibit him on the platform. The freaks might be, and usually were, of a low grade of intelligence, like the giant who nearly turned a press-agent's farce into a tragedy by refusing to sign his own bail-bond when arrested, for fear that he was giving away his children, but they were not actual "defectives."

To that extent there was a reaction long ago against making public sport of what was merely pathological. The perception that, apart from mentality, freakishness itself was generally a disease, has finished the work. The giant, for example, when considered as a physical superman, or even as the villain of the nursery tales, was worth going to see. But we are taught now that he is not a superman, but the victim of a disease which in other forms kills after horrible disfigurement, that something at the base of his brain is responsible for the extraordinary and disproportionate growth, that the giant is usually sickly, dies young, and is inferior to an able-bodied man of ordinary size in any test that involves sustained effort. Just so when the patrons of the circus realize that the human pincushion, the elastic-skinned man, the blue man, the dog-faced boy, and their ilk are all victims of rare diseases with ten-syllabled names of Greek origin, and that, in all probability, other sufferers, who are unwilling to exhibit their afflictions, are under treatment by physicians, these, too, lose most of their fascination.

The most obvious parallel, of course, is the changed sentiment toward insanity. To spend a merry afternoon at the madhouse watching the antics of the maniacs in their chains seemed natural and reasonable to civilized Englishmen not so many generations ago. It has become absolutely unthinkable. In spite of certain ingenious critics, we cannot even conceive of Ophelia and Lear as comic characters. Nor do we go joyously to public executions. No town is likely again to receive such a title as "merry Carlisle" because of the exceptional activity of its gibbets. Sensation-seekers are excluded, so far as possible, from such places as morgues and prisons. So, sometimes by a gradual change of the attitude of substantially the whole public, sometimes by regulations which are supported by the sound sense of the community, though large numbers of the more or less morbidly-minded would disregard them if they could, the humane evolution goes on.

Not the least interesting phase of it is to be traced in the history of sport. The *gaudium certaminis*, perhaps, could not be eradicated from the human breast. Certainly, it has not been. Interest in contests as contests is as high as it ever was, yet many forms of competition which were once popular, from gladiatorial shows to cock-fighting, have been put under the ban of the law. Some persons, to be sure, consider such restrictions merely puritanical, and quote approvingly Macaulay's comment that the original objection to bear-baiting was that it gave pleasure to the spectators. The line, however, has consistently been drawn, not with reference to the degree, but to the kind of pleasure. The sports which have been interdicted are those in which the element of cruelty is paramount over the contest itself. As there is no intoxication more destructive than that of cruelty, other entertainments lose their zest to the spectator who has seen swordsmen carve each other to the vitals, heretics burned at the stake, or even game-cocks stab each other to death with steel gaffs. When the "punishment" arouses more interest than the rivalry of the contestants, the spectator of wholesome instincts, even though he himself be carried along in the excitement, knows that the danger line has been passed. So the more cruel sports have one after another been outlawed.

There is, in fact, sound reason behind every one of the efforts to get rid of the morbid and unwholesome in our life. That practices which once attracted no attention "get on our nerves" to-day is not a sign of weakness, but of sensibilities more intelligently directed. When there is so much, in the drama and elsewhere, to indicate a lowering of taste,

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there may be compensations in noting these thoroughly healthy tendencies.

PARIS BOOKNOTES—HISTORY.

PARIS, February 29.

The fullest publishing season of Paris, in quantity and in quality, is the month before Lent. The number of new books, which, if not all serious, are certainly not frivolous, is astonishing. Somewhere there must be readers numerous enough to warrant the publication of books, for example, on history, which take up the full space of the present letter. Many times as many more are omitted, because they are of local interest only. The most interesting concern France; and, not to lose ourselves in the number of them, let us take them in the order of the centuries of which they treat.

"L'Enfance de Paris" by Marcel Poëte, curator of the City of Paris Library, narrates intelligibly, with due reference to remaining antiquities, the making of Paris and its growth from prehistoric origins to the time of Philip Augustus, wall-builder of its adult age. Joseph Bédier, successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, publishes the first of three volumes on "Les Légendes epiques," studies in the formation of the *chansons de geste;* the present volume deals with the Cycle of Guillaume d'Orange. The third volume of the posthumous "Mélanges linguistiques" of Gaston Paris, treats of the French language with etymological notes; it has been edited by Mario Roques. Professor Ch. V. Langlois of the Sorbonne publishes a readable, handy volume on "La Vie en France au moyen age," made up of properly chosen and ordered extracts from mediæval moralists, just as his previous book on French society of the thirteenth century was taken from ten romances of adventure. Octave Galtier, in his "Étienne Dolet," tries to give an authentic and moderate account of the life, work, character, and beliefs of that very debatable martyr of the surging Renaissance, round whose statue advanced thinkers of the Paris populace wrangle yearly.

The new volume of the Collection historique illustrée is devoted to Fouquet, finance minister of Louis XIV., with a predominating feminine interest from the Duchesse de La Vallière, Henriette of England, Marie Mancini, and others less known; A. Savine and Fr. Bournand are the competent compilers. In the series of Femmes galantes du XVIIe siècle, the new volume deals with the society of *précieuses* immortalized by Molière and their leading light, Madame de La Suze, who has a pathetic interest from her Protestantism and descent from Coligny of St. Bartholomew fame. Another Court lady of the *grand monarque*, who has a detestable reputation heightened by Frantz Funck-Brentano's book and Sardou's play of this winter, finds a defender with the courage of strong convictions in Jean Lemoine's "Madame de Montespan et la légende des poisons." He follows fiercely on the trail of Louvois, whom he accuses of having built up the whole charge of Black Masses and child sacrifices against the King's favorite. As in most French *causes célèbres*, the question must be reduced to the value of evidence, which is mainly that of confessed poisoners. Jules Lemaître, in the Conférences which are preparing his new book, takes up the supposed contamination of Racine in the same affair. To this reign also belong the "Mélanges et documents à l'occasion du 2e centenaire de Mabillon," the Benedictine founder of so much historical research. The three principal erudite bodies connected with him—the Bibliothèque du Roi (now the National Library), the Bollandists, and the Académie des Inscriptions—united last year with the Benedictine Order in doing his memory honor.

Lighter echoes of the next reign are heard in Letainturier-Fradin's "La Camargo," the life of a Belgian *danseuse* of the Paris Opera of the day (1710-1770). Her portrait was painted by Lancret and it is her imperishable glory to have been the first to do an *entrechat à quatre*, that is, strike her feet four times together during a single leap into the air; a century later her successsors pretend to an *entrechat à quatorze*, but this is mere revolutionary acrobatics and not the aristocratic ballet-dancing of the Old Régime. Richard Waddington, an historian who sits in the French Senate, devotes his fourth volume of "La Guerre de sept ans" to the diplomatic and military history of the years 1760-1761 (the battle of Torgau and the Pacte de Famille). In this struggle, the France of Louis XV., following the lead of Madame de Pompadour's vanity, joined Austria against Frederick the Great, embroiled herself with England, and lost Canada and India for ever, and formed the Trust of the Bourbons, which resulted in such far-off things as the suppression of the Jesuits, French help for American Independence, the warding off of England from Florida and Louisiana, and the saving to Spain of the Philippines—all with present-day results for the United States, not to speak of Anglo-Saxon civilization, Prussian hegemony, and Latin counter-Bourbon Revolution. M. Waddington's volumes, which have been crowned by the Institut de France, of course limit themselves to a painstaking study at first hand.

In lighter vein again, but with shadows cast before from the tragedy to which calumny led the way, we have "Les Amoureux de la Reine Marie-Antoinette," compiled by Henri d'Alméras, from the Royalist and Revolutionary pamphlets of the time, with a valuable bibliography. Victor du Bled, another industrious collector, devotes the sixth series of his anecdotes concerning French society from the sixteenth to the twentieth century to the subject of doctors before and after 1789 and to "L'Amour au 18e siècle." The endless publication of Revolutionary documents, lives, and memoirs goes on profitably. A new reproduction of contemporary books—L'Élite de la Révolution—leads off with the complete works of Saint-Just, with introduction and notes by Ch. Vellay. Henry Furgeot's "Le Marquis de Saint-Huruge (1738-1801)" gives the significant adventures of one of the men who made the Revolution triumph in Europe as Généralissime of the Sans-Culottes. The first volume of the Études sur la Contre-Révolution begins the career of one whose whole life was a long kaleidoscope of adventure—"La Vie et les conspirations de Jean, Baron de Batz (1754-1793)," written from unpublished sources by his descendant, the present Baron de Batz. Another book, which in like wise makes us understand how Alexandre Dumas's romance is truest to history as it really happened, is "La Guerre de Vendée (1793-1796)"—lively souvenirs of the Comtesse de La Bouère, published by her daughter-in-law, with a preface by Marquis Costa de Beauregard of the French Academy. The same historical Academician introduces the quite new reminiscences of a Bourbon follower, who chose for many modern years to forget nothing and to learn nothing—"Une Fidèle—La Marquise Lage de Volude (1764-1842)"—unpublished documents that see the light thanks to the Comtesse de Reinbach-Foussemagne.

The entertaining Jean de Bonnefon has turned from his No-Popery tracts to prove that "Le Baron de Richemont" was the real surviving son of Louis XVI., and that the claimant now in honor, Naundorff, appropriated the other's proofs and papers after his death. This question of the lost Dauphin has never been so discussed as now; an entire letter would not suffice to tell in order all that is published, including the special periodical review for a sort of lost-Dauphin (Naundorffian) society. Last week Ernest Daudet, the most erudite of Restoration historians, showed conclusively that Louis XVIII., when first King, must have believed in the demise. The common opinion, which is all but proved, is that the hapless child really "escaped" from the prison of the Temple, perhaps only to die before he could be of use to any one.

A book of prime importance for the understanding of Napoleon is the "Mémoires du Baron Fain," who was the Emperor's first Secrétaire du Cabinet, edited with introduction and notes by the author's grandson, an artillery officer of the Third Republic; it is the day-by-day observation of an intelligent subordinate dominated by an admired master. G. Duchêne describes for all who interest themselves in the proudest Imperial monument of Paris the history and architecture of the Arc de Triomphe, and the surrounding Place de l'Étoile, whose symmetry has of late been so sadly broken by great Americanizing hotels; the book belongs to the series Bibliothèque du vieux Paris. A piece of history, where religion gave a trend to politics, lasting until now—Liberal Catholicism from 1828 to 1834—is the subject of Abbé Charles Boutard's second volume on "Lamennais: sa vie et ses doctrines."

We come next to the Second Empire, with André Lebey's "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte et la Révolution de 1848," from unpublished sources. Adolphe Lair of the Academic family publishes, also from new documents, anecdotes and reminiscences of "L'Institut de France et le Second Empire." Two volumes of the technical military history of the War of 1870-1, in course of publication by the historic section of the French General Army Staff, deal with the besieging of Metz, the maps and original documents forming a volume separately.

The present Third Republic is represented among these historical documents by "La Séparation (1904-5)"—speeches of Aristide Briand during the discussion of the law which proposed to separate Church and State, and of which he was the Parliamentary reporter. His still more important later discourses, when he was minister, charged with executing the law, are to appear in a second volume. The pub-

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lication shows all the wonderful qualities of the patient and ready debater. It seems designed to defend M. Briand in his great labors, since their constructive part has been made impracticable by Catholics giving up their church property rather than submit.

Apart from French history, there are a few books which ought particularly to interest American readers. One is the "La Question d'extrême orient," by E. Driault, a specialist; another is "Le Partage de l'océanie," by H. Russier, who has been director of public instruction in Indo-China. "Le Protestantisme au Japon," by Raoul Allier of the Paris Faculty of Protestant Theology, should appeal to an especially large public; for the first time, perhaps, it sums up the history and results of missionary enterprise, much of which has been American. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the Addenda to P. K. Foley's "American Authors," the compiler records an edition of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane," square 16mo, Boston, 1874, and says: "A privately printed issue, of not more than fifty copies, for presentation by the author." No copy has ever turned up in the market, nor has it, so far as we know, ever been accurately described. Longfellow's friend, Samuel Ward, had "negociated" the sale of the poem to his "trotting friend Bonner," the price paid being $3,000, besides $1,000 more for some charity in which Mr. Ward was interested. It was first published in the New York *Ledger*, March 28, 1874. This private issue had been put in type probably in January. It is a 16mo, consisting of title and pp. 3-16 of text. The title reads: "The | Hanging of the Crane. | By | Henry W. Longfellow. | Boston: | James R. Osgood and Company. | 1874." Only two copies can now be traced, and it is not probable that more than ten were printed. Although it was copyrighted, no copy is now in the Library of Congress. One was probably sent to the *Ledger*, and one, we know, to Routledge & Sons, London, for the use of their artists if they should wish to get out an illustrated edition. Instead, however, Routledge put the book in type in form similar to the author's own private issue. The copy in the British Museum was received May 6, 1874. That was actually the first published edition, as the book did not come out in this country until November, 1874, and the title is dated 1875.

Longfellow's poem "Keramos" was written in the spring and summer of 1877 and first published in *Harper's Magazine* for December of that year. That there was a privately printed issue, preceding the appearance in the magazine, seems to have been totally unknown to collectors until it was discovered by the late J. Chester Chamberlain. The private issue is an octavo pamphlet of twelve pages, without title, but with the word "Keramos" at the top of page 1. The poem was collected, with others, in a volume the next year.

After the school children of Cambridge had presented the chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," which formerly stood before the blacksmith shop on Brattle Street, Longfellow had his poem "From My Arm-Chair" printed as a leaflet, each copy in an envelope, to be given to children who came to see him and to sit in the chair. This issue was printed before its appearance in the Cambridge newspapers, where it was first published. Of this leaflet two or three copies have come upon the market. Mr. Chamberlain secured the one given to George W. Greene, and Mr. Wakeman has the McKee copy.

Earlier in the year another leaflet poem had been privately printed, and it has heretofore remained undescribed. Bayard Taylor had died on December 19, 1878. A few days later Longfellow wrote the verses beginning

> Dead he lay among his books,

and the first week in January, 1879, a few copies were printed. Longfellow intended to read the poem at the memorial meeting to Taylor held January 10, but instead, the poem was read by Dr. Holmes. It is a little four-page leaflet (the last page blank) measuring 6¾ by 4¾ inches. Only two copies now seem traceable.

One other private leaflet deserves mention—Longfellow's poem "Noël," written in French, to send with a Christmas present of a basket of wine to Professor Agassiz in 1864. This little pamphlet, which was also noted by Mr. Foley in his Addenda, consists of title and pp. 3-8 of text. Five copies can now be traced. One appeared twice in New York auction rooms, the first time in March, 1900, with a collection of furniture, books, and curiosities of all sorts sold as the collection of Salmon P. Chase and his daughter Kate Chase Sprague. It was bound in with two other French books, and was described in the catalogue as follows: "Souvestre, Emile. Confessions d'un Ouvrier, about Le Progress, Longfellow's Noël, 1864, in 1 vol., 12mo. half calf." All but hidden in this curious entry, it was recognized by one bidder only, who bought the volume for $1.25. Then it was acquired by William Harris Arnold, who had it bound by the Club Bindery; and in his sale Mr. Chamberlain paid $55 for it. Mr. Chamberlain also acquired the copy given by Longfellow to George W. Greene.

Still another first edition of Longfellow has recently been unearthed. In the sale catalogue of Charles B. Foote's American first editions was listed a copy of Longfellow's posthumously published "Michael Angelo" with a London imprint and the date 1883, instead of 1884, that of the regular American first edition. The book was described in the Foote catalogue as "indifferently printed, . . . probably put in type for the purpose of securing copyright in England." After vain search in the British Museum and elsewhere the Foote copy was traced and examined. It proves to be an interesting and valuable piece, printed from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but with altered page numbers and with other typographical changes. It brought only $1.25 in the Foote sale, but is easily worth fifty times that sum.

These notes, we may add, are from proof-sheets of the bibliography of Longfellow, which Mrs. Chamberlain is having prepared as a memorial to her husband.

In the "Varick Court of Inquiry" printed by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart uses certain manuscript material obtained by a Western collector from the Varick family. It cannot be said that the papers give any additional information on the treason of Arnold, but they are interesting for the side-lights thrown upon some of the persons connected with Arnold at the time. Varick disliked Arnold's intercourse with Joshua Hett Smith and sought the aid of Mrs. Arnold to bring it to an end; he even insulted Smith when a guest at Arnold's table. Varick also believed that Arnold was disposing of the public stores for his own advantage; but no suspicion of participating in the treason ever attached to Varick. His arrest and examination were matters of form, and the manner in which Washington communicated the fact that he was under arrest showed the magnanimity of the general. Varick's picture of Mrs. Arnold's condition has dramatic touches, and awakens sympathy. For Arnold the editor has only caustic language, and attributes his falling to the pressure of money matters. He overlooks the fact that Arnold was addicted to liquor, which would account for his morbid tone and belief in his grievances. The "illegible word" in the letter of September 12, was *prepense*. The facsimile reproductions are excellent, the illustrations somewhat irrelevant, and the edition small enough to appeal to the collector.

The action of the Prussian Cultus Ministerium in having the Royal Library in Berlin, in connection with other libraries, prepare a full report on the earliest specimens of printing to be found in Germany, has already led to the discovery of a number of the earliest productions of the press of Gutenberg. Prof. Paul Schwenke, in the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekwesen*, describes the Donatus finds, made by Prof. Ernst Voullième in the gymnasium library at Heiligenstadt, which antedate the Astronomical Calendar of 1448, and have now been deposited in the Royal Library in Berlin.

The German Gutenberg Gesellschaft which was not able to issue its annual volume in 1906 because Dr. Adolph Tronnier's exhaustive investigations of the Missalia of Peter and Johann Schöffer were not ready for the press, has now issued for 1907, a double volume of over two hundred pages, containing in addition Schroeder's study of the literary sources of the "Mainzer Fragment vom Weltgericht," Zedler's examination of the forty-two-line type in Schöffer's "Missale Maguntinum" of 1493, and a few minor articles. A large number of illustrations and reproductions make this a valuable work for the student of the art of printing.

The first number of the new magazine for collectors, the ***Bibliophile***, has come from London. It is a royal octavo, on coated paper, with fifty-eight pages of text and illustrations, including four plates in colors. Heretofore, bibliographical periodicals have generally been short-lived, but this first number of the ***Bibliophile*** contains no less than thirty-six pages of advertising, and, if this amount can be kept up, the magazine should survive. Among the contributors are G. K. Chesterton, with a sketch of W. E. Henley; Mrs. Arthur Bell, the first of a series of articles on "Illustrated Books"; A. W. Pollard, "Early Book Advertisements," with a facsimile of the only known book advertisement printed by Caxton; and George C. Peachey, "History in Book-plates," etc. There are also book reviews, and two pages on postage stamps.

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The Philadelphia book-seller, Samuel N. Rhodes, is offering his entire stock of books relating to American history at auction on March 23, 24, 25, and 26. Samuel T. Freeman & Co. are the auctioneers. They make the statement that every lot will be sold "as is," and that nothing can be returned on account of error in description. Book-auctioneers generally sell subject to collation, and the return of imperfect books not so described. The manuscript journals of Titian R. Peale during his services as naturalist with Long's first expedition, is one of the most interesting lots in Mr. Rhodes's collection. Among others are Franklin imprints, and books about Franklin and Washington, a series of Quaker broadsides, books on Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and a few Western books.

Correspondence.

THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following portion of a letter just received from a Japanese who somewhat less than twenty years ago was a student at Harvard seems to me to deserve wide circulation. The lesson which it has for our own press and the instruction it affords for public opinion do not need to be enforced by any words of mine.

Charles Eliot Norton.

Cambridge, Mass., March 10.

Japan, February 11, 1908.

We Japanese have done very well in education so far, but I cannot help having great apprehension as to the future. The students are overtaught, being obliged to attend about thirty hours of class work weekly. This is a requirement which obtains in all grades of our schools, colleges, and universities. Worse than this, the teachers are underpaid, except a few who are foreigners. In the near future I fear our best men would not take up the work of education as their life work, and the result would be that we Japanese would be left far behind among the nations of the world, and if our national spirit should lose its power over the people, we can expect nothing but spiritual dearth and national calamity.

I see almost every morning some telegraphic news of the "Japan-American question." It is almost beyond the comprehension of most of us, to see how well-informed Americans could take such a question seriously, how little we and our ways of thinking are known to your people. The question of emigration to America occupies but a very insignificant place in the mind of the Japanese, while they cannot for a moment forget how greatly Japan is indebted to America for her present progress and achievements. I do not think the Japanese can be made, in a few years to forget the last fifty years of America's good will, and unlearn the lesson she has taught them, however un-American Californians may try. Nor are the Japanese ignorant how poverty-stricken a nation Japan is. Though recently our Diet has passed the government's new bill of increased taxation, it will be many, many years before the nation can bear the burden of another war.

As to the coming of the American warships to the Eastern waters, no Japanese have any feeling of anxiety or fear. On the contrary, they will heartily welcome them, as these warships will simply serve to broaden their minds and help their trade.

We Japanese are, indeed, perfect fools to build and maintain so many powerful warships, while so many more important works of civilized life are left undone, though perhaps a great navy and army are important helps to us to get the respect of our neighboring countries in Asia. I sometimes pass hours indulging in the almost Utopian imagination as to what the result would be, if instead of having your fleet sent to the Eastern waters, a fraction of its cost should have been used to found a great American university or universities —say one at Tokio and another at some point in China—to teach Western ideals, institutions, and sciences, and investigate certain Eastern subjects which can be best studied in the East and at the present day. This is certainly an idle imagination, but such universities, with able and broad-minded presidents and mixed faculties of Americans and other nationalities, might in a few years do untold good to the world at large, to say nothing of the more immediate benefits which the Eastern people would derive from them.

POWERS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of March 5 on "A Real Governmental Change" is a marked sign of the times. In the convention of 1787 Madison said:

> The tendency in our State governments is to throw all power into the legislative vortex. The executives are little more than ciphers. The Legislatures are omnipotent. Unless some check can be devised upon the ambition of these bodies, revolution is inevitable.

About the middle of the last century, when the advent of stronger government became inevitable, the Legislatures, with their inherent jealousy of the Constitutional single-headed executive, proceeded to set up a system of government by commissions, the futility and disastrous results of which are just beginning to make themselves manifest. Meantime, the mass of the people, weary and disgusted with Legislatures, committees, and commissions, are developing a feverish thirst for that which alone, since the beginning of the world, has aroused them—and probably will to its end—to united, coherent, and permanent action, and that is individual personality. The boss-rule in cities is only a manifestation of this. The reason of its badness is that while the honest and law-abiding elements are forbidden to have any leaders and cannot find them, the rascals quickly gravitate towards the biggest of their number and form a disciplined phalanx to override the majority. Could there be a more beautiful illustration of this abiding necessity for the welding together of public opinion than the present position of our Chief Magistrate? What its significance is and its possible results are not here touched upon, but merely the fact. And this is not all the evidence. Reform candidates for Governor are springing up all over the country, and it is surprising to see how promptly the people respond to their appeals by election. But the Governors do not know what to do. As the object to be attained is not particular legislation but reform in methods and procedure, the other branch holds them at bay, they achieve little or nothing, and so pass on to oblivion.

The first requisite is that the Governor, who alone represents the whole State and the administration of its work, shall have just as good a right to be heard by all his constituents as any member of the Legislature, any chairman of committees, or the Speaker. Take a case in point: On March 4 ex-Gov. Frank S. Black of New York made a speech in opposition to Gov. Hughes's proposal to suppress race-track gambling. The weakness of Mr. Black's argument was exposed at the time by Mr. Louis Marshall. The next day Gov. Hughes made a reply, which for elevation of sentiment, force of logic, and fire of language and delivery was simply magnificent. But mark the difference: Mr. Black's speech was made "at the joint hearing before the Codes Committee of both houses," the nearest approach to a legislative debate. But the opportunity of the Governor of the State was reduced to "the annual dinner of the North Side Board of Trade in Ebling's Casino." Does it not sound absurd? If that speech had been made, where it ought to have been made, in the great chamber at Albany, it would have resounded all over the United States, and gone far to secure his nomination in the national convention.

The point to be aimed at was well stated in the Massachusetts platform of 1901:

> We demand more unity and responsibility in our State government. The present system of administration is unscientific in form, unnecessarily complex, and largely irresponsible. The "supreme executive magistrate" of the commonwealth should be the controlling head, not merely the figurehead, of the State government, and should be responsible for every part. To that end, we demand that all State officials be appointed by him, and be subject to removal by him alone. We further believe that the duty of approving and recommending to the Legislature all such acts as administrative needs may require in the general interest belong to the Governor, and that all measures recommended by him should be given the right of way in the Legislature over other bills.
>
> We believe that every branch of our State government should be classed as a department, and that every head of a department should have a seat upon the floor of the Legislature, without a vote, and be subject to proper questioning as to matters under his charge.

It may be asked, why, if this is so important, no movement is made toward it. For two reasons: because the Legislatures do not want it, and the Governors are afraid. The latter do not see either the degree of necessity or the means of carrying it into effect, and so shrink from taking hold of it. But, with events drawing rapidly to a head, it seems as if before long some Governor must see it, and if, by passing over the Legislature and appealing directly to the people, he can get it into working order, and secure its adoption, not only in his own, but other States, he will find a place in our history awaiting him alongside of Washington and Lincoln.

G. Bradford.

Boston, March 10.

"OUR INFANT CRITICS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I add a few words of reinforcement to what you say in your issue of February 27 on the futility and waste of training the average boy or girl of high school age to write literary criticism? In a good many years' experience I have found the capacity to put on paper even an approximate idea of a student's views of books a rare accomplishment, even in college classes. As a matter of fact, few

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mature readers ever crystallize their impressions of what they read into coherent expression. It is obviously absurd, therefore, to ask school children to do what most of them will never be able to do when they are grown up.

The cause for this perversion of teaching is to be found, in part at any rate, in an ambiguity which has not yet been generally recognized. Schools usually provide a course and colleges an entrance examination in what is called "English," as if it were a single subject; and then demand results of two quite different kinds —ability to write, and appreciation of literature. Under this loose use of the word "English," school teachers and examiners alike have easily slurred over the fact that, though the capacity to write correctly and clearly ought to be universal, appreciation of literature is bound to be limited by considerations of temperament and occupation. Moreover, school committees and superintendents frequently expect the teacher of English in a single allotment of time, often in itself scanty, to give instruction in both literature and composition, subjects which are hardly more closely related than are history and English composition, or Latin and English composition, pairs of subjects which no one would think of compassing in a single allowance of school periods. Until it is recognized that English composition is a subject by itself, to be taught with full allowance of time, and with direct reference to the whole range of a child's practical needs, both in school and in after life, we shall find schools turning out "infant critics" as if they were cause for pride and not for pity and repentance.

On the further question, as to whether "English" should be taken to mean composition alone, and literature be either dropped or else made elective in schools and on the list of subjects for entrance to college, I can contribute a little light. The department of English at Harvard recently appointed a committee to consider the general question of entrance requirements; and, to get an idea of the views of teachers in the schools on the subject, we sent out a number of circulars, most of them to public schools. One of the questions which we asked was: "Do you think it would or would not be advisable that the examination in English should test proficiency in composition only?" Practically all the forty answers we received were in the negative. Teachers of English in the schools, therefore, we may suppose, believe almost unanimously in the value of the present requirements of some knowledge of literature.

The results of another question were interesting. In answer to the inquiry: "Is there any formal coöperation between the teachers of English in your school and the teachers of other subjects to maintain and strengthen the pupils' standards of written English?" it appeared that in a dozen schools there is formal coöperation, in fourteen informal coöperation, and in seventeen either none or very little. Though the number of answers is too small for certain generalization, yet they seem to point to the secret of much of the difficulty with the written English of the rising generation. Ideas of correctness and facility of expression which are laboriously drilled into a child by the teacher of English in one hour, are in the succeeding hour blurred and obscured by the indifference of semi-literate or careless teachers of Latin or physics or history; and the child comes to look on the desire to write well as an unreasonable hobby of the teacher whose subject has the least relation to the practical interests of life. If in such a case the teacher of English makes literary criticism the chief subject of composition, one can understand the repugnance which so many of our youth show to the idea of learning to write. But, if principals and superintendents of schools would enforce on teachers of all subjects coöperation with the teachers of English, there would be a surprising decrease in the number of young men who start in business or come to college congenitally incapable of writing a decent letter.

J. H. GARDINER.

Harvard University, March 6.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Raymond Weeks's welcome description of the *procédé Graffin* in your issue of March 5 may be supplemented by the statement that such positive photographs can now be procured at almost all the larger European libraries. At the Vatican, for instance, those in size 9x12 cm. can be bought at ten cents apiece. But as Father Ehrle of the Vatican, an enthusiastic promoter of the new system, admitted to me in conversation last fall, they cannot yet really replace good ordinary photographs. They are rather sketchy than accurate, and a pupil of mine now working at the Bodleian points out in a recent letter another serious drawback:

> The Clarendon Press make what they call "rotographs," black background and white letters, at eightpence each. With these I have to be content, though they are very unsatisfactory and particularly trying on the eyes.

Few realize how cheaply regular photographs may be taken. I have photographed several manuscripts entire, in the size 9x12 cm., with a camera costing about $25. Slow plates cost thirty-five or forty cents a dozen (one can of course buy American Trust-made plates, etc., at lower prices abroad than here). It is well to do one's own developing; a photographer's dark room may be hired for the purpose, for a franc an hour. Prints can be made at two and one-half or three cents apiece. It cost me two days and about $18 or $20 to make a complete photograph (including also a set of prints for the library) of the Fulda manuscript of Ammianus Marcellinus, now in the Vatican, containing 208 folios. Of course the negatives may be used indefinitely—we have made several slides from these for our palæographical collection—and I now have the satisfaction of collating each proof of my edition of Ammianus with a sharp and clear print. It is easy to learn the art of photographing manuscripts, as several of our faculty here can testify; witness the beautiful manuscript fac-similes in Tallgren's recent "Estudios sobre la Gaya," enlarged from Prof. Henry R. Lang's photographs; he made these in Madrid a couple of months after his initial attempt. If one plans to go abroad for such work, he should in any event equip himself with a camera.

Krumbacher's article, "Die Photographie im Dienste der Geisteswissenschaften," referred to by Professor Weeks, appeared in the "Neue Jahrbücher für das klassische Altertum," 17 (1906), 601-659, with 15 plates; it is also published separately by Teubner (price 3m. 60).

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

Yale University, March 7.

THE SUPERLATIVE IN CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I venture to suggest that the ingenious author of the letter on "Yellow Criticism," in your issue of February 6, betrays an "old-fashioned" indifference to origins in attributing the invention of the "method of superlatives" to Victor Hugo? Has he forgotten that the superlative Lamb and the intoxicated Hazlitt had the start of a quarter of a century upon the terrific Frenchman? Shakespeare himself had a certain knack at the superlative,—but let that pass. Hazlitt and Lamb had a positive genius for it; to ignore them in favor of Hugo is—the most unkindest cut of all. Recall Hazlitt on Mrs. Siddons: "It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. . . She was not less than goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods." Recall Lamb on Ford's "Broken Heart": "The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me to Calvary and the Cross." Did Hugo surpass that? We need not confine ourselves to Lamb and Hazlitt; there was, if I am not mistaken, a marked fondness for the superlative in the hard-hitting, or Satanic, school of criticism of Jeffrey and Gifford, for which your correspondent confesses an elderly taste. When his favorites were in question, Jeffrey committed himself as daringly as the next man. Turn to his utterances on Burns or Shakespeare, and you may catch him again and again at a mouth-filling "incomparably," "unequalled," or "unparalleled." Of the Elizabethan and the succeeding age, he says: "There never was anywhere anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the period of the Restoration." It was "by far the brightest in the history . . . of human intellect and capacity." Hear him again on Shakespeare: "More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild and airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world." Has Swinburne surpassed that? Has not this the very ring of the golden verbosity of Swinburne?

I have not the slightest intention of suggesting that Jeffrey, Lamb, Hazlitt, and the anonymous criticasters of your correspondent are, by virtue of the "superlative method," birds of a feather—quite the contrary. I wish only to make a distinction which your correspondent has neglected. The inventor of a literary label is liable, in the enthusiasm of the creative moment, to paste it rather indiscriminately upon everything within reach; in my opinion, he has been guilty of indiscrimination in pasting his interesting yellow label upon Swinburne. The last of the great Victorians uses the method of superlatives, to be sure,—a point which he has in common with the yellow critics and with Lamb—which should give

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us pause. It is true that Swinburne has discovered a humorously large number of "peerless sovereigns of the realm" of prose and poetry—I confess I envy him the experience. But a man no more thinks of swallowing Swinburne whole than of swallowing the west wind; a whiff of either is invigorating. No more should one swallow Lamb's utterance on the "Broken Heart," quoted above; it is very bad criticism. Yet it can scarcely be denied that Swinburne and Lamb and Hazlitt have done more to stimulate interest in the dramatists of the Elizabethan age and to bring about appreciation of them than all the horde of temperate critics and editors that has followed in their footsteps. For they had the first requisite of stimulating criticism, exuberant joy in excellence, a joy that makes its possessors speak like intoxicated men; such critics bring home the burden of the harvest. Jeffrey, even, praised Hazlitt for his "happy intoxication" in approaching Shakespeare. And so I wish to say a good word for the superlative. A superlative rightly used means: My life for my word. It's the proper expression of whole-hearted lovers and haters. It's the proper expression of Shakespeare, of Lamb, of Hazlitt, and—I do not hesitate to say—of Swinburne. The superlative is right when there is a man behind it.

There is no real peril in the superlatives of Swinburne; nothing is more difficult to counterfeit than enthusiasm; nothing is more inimitable than joy. Let us not affix the yellow tag to the grey-haired son of Charles Lamb. There are, in all conscience, uses enough for the label, elsewhere. The real yellow criticism is the criticism of puffery and sham. It is the criticism of the poverty-striken hack "inspired" by the frugal publisher, who presents him the book for his pains. It is the me-and-my friends, or the Christmas-present, school of criticism; Author A extols the work of Author B to the skies, expecting shortly to be stellified in turn. Swinburne surely did not expect Shakespeare to rise from the dead to praise his "Bothwell" or his "Mary Stuart!" The fundamental and controlling principle of the real yellow criticism is, that the right hand should always know what the left hand is about. The gentle reader must light a bigger lantern than that of Diogenes, when he sets out to find an honest critic. What we need in criticism is not a check on superlatives, but a check on shams: not a check on poetic prose, but a check on puffery,— critics, in short, who bring their whole characters to bear upon the work in hand.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., March 4.

LONGFELLOW'S GERMAN STUDIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his interesting letter published in the *Nation* of January 9, Prof. J. M. Hart of Cornell, discussing Hoffmann and Longfellow, says: "I hope that some one of our younger set may be moved to make a careful study of Longfellow's German studies." A note of mine, sent to the *Nation* some weeks ago in reply, seems to have miscarried, and I venture to write again, announcing that I hope to issue, in the near future, a volume dealing with Longfellow and his entire relation to Germany and German culture. I began the work years ago, while in Germany, but was interrupted by return to America; and repeated short visits to the Fatherland, with even substantial coöperation from scholars and authors there, have been insufficient to enable me to complete the task on the lines I originally laid down. Year by year I learned of new material, some of which was long inaccessible; and it is only recently that I have come into possession of a quantity of original manuscripts and letters from Longfellow and his friends, throwing new light on many incidents and disputed points. The late Carl Schurz and others have kindly contributed reminiscences to the volume, and I have been encouraged by one of America's most distinguished men of letters, a warm friend of Longfellow's. One more visit to Germany will be necessary to bring the book absolutely up to date—for the work could never have been prepared outside of Germany—but with the considerable amount of manuscripts and illustrations before me, I should be able at last to treat the subject comprehensively. Inasmuch as it was a labor of love from the beginning, prompting me to regard Longfellow's indebtedness to the Germans in a sympathetic spirit, I trust that the volume, when it appears, may fulfil every expectation of the poet's most ardent admirers.

J. Perry Worden.

March 4.

ABOUT THE BACKS OF BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been much annoyed by the unsatisfactory backs of many modern books. A number of publishers, both at home and abroad, omit the author's name from the back. Moreover, some publishers of annotated school and college texts put in large and conspicuous type the editor's name, to the utter exclusion of the author's. In the case of the average annotated text the author's name should surely take precedence over the editor's, and not vice-versa.

C. H. Ibershoff.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 7.

Notes.

The following are forthcoming from E. P. Dutton & Co.: "Reminiscences of Oxford," by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, second edition; "An Apostle of the North," the life and memoirs of William Carpenter Bompas, D.D., by H. A. Cody, with an introduction by the most Rev. S. P. Matheson, D.D., archbishop of Rupertsland; and "English Socialism of To-day," by the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P.

The University of Chicago Press has three important works almost ready for publication: "The Witness of the Oriental Consciousness to Jesus Christ," by President Charles Cuthbert Hall; "Descriptive Geography of Palestine," by Prof. L. B. Paton; and "Stellar Evolution: A Popular Account of Modern Methods of Astro-physical Research," by George Ellery Hale.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will soon have ready a study of "The Christian Faith and the Old Testament," by Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College. It is said to be "progressive, yet conservative" in its attitude toward this question now undergoing readjustment in the minds of students and laymen.

The following religious books are in the press of the Revell Company: "The New Horoscope of Missions," by Dr. James S. Dennis; the first three volumes of G. Campbell Morgan's "Analyzed Bible"; "The Saloon Under the Searchlight," by George R. Stuart; "Missions Striking Home," by J. Ernest McAfee; "Ancient Jerusalem," by Hon. Selah Merrill; "A Life with a Purpose," memorials of John Lawrence Thurston, by Henry B. Wright; "Beyond the Natural Order," by Nolan Rice Best; and "Our Silent Partner," by Alvah Sabin Hobart.

Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Hastings's five-volume "Dictionary of the Bible," are now preparing a "One-Volume Dictionary of the Bible," edited by the same scholar. The articles have been specially written for this work, which is not in any way a condensation of its larger forerunner. It will be published this year and sold by subscription.

The Oxford University Press has the following works in preparation: Stowe's "Survey of London," edited by C. L. Kingsford; "The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," translated out of the Latin by Nicholas Love, edited by Lawrence F. Powell; "Imperial Gazetteer of India," Vol. III.; "The Greek Versions of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," edited by R. H. Charles; "Virgil," translated by J. Jackson; "The Sounds of English," by Henry Sweet; "Handbook of Flower Pollination," by Dr. Paul Knuth, translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis; "Catalogue of Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta," Vol. III., by H. Nelson Wright.

The only publication of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this spring in their special Riverside Press editions will be George Willis Cooke's "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The Selden Society hopes to issue the delayed volume XXII. of its publications by April. It will be the fourth volume of the "Year Book of Edward II.," with text and translation by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland and the final revise and introduction by G. T. Turner. Volume XXIII. for 1908 will be "The Law Merchant in the Fair Courts and Other Local Courts," edited by Prof. Charles Gross of Harvard. The material upon the Law Merchant has been found to be so interesting that there will be a second volume, "The Law Merchant in the King's Courts," containing several interesting rolls and other matter.

The first number of the *Economic Bulletin*, published by the American Economic Association, will appear on or about May 1. It is to be a quarterly, containing from 80 to 100 pages, and devoted largely to book reviews in the field of economics and the allied social sciences. Each number will include a classified and annotated list of recent books, magazine articles, and book reviews. The *Bulletin*, according to the announcement of its projectors, represents the first systematic endeavor to provide a complete critical bibliography of current economic literature. The members of the board of editors are:

E. W. Kemmerer, managing editor, Cor-

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nell University; William B. Bailey, Yale; Ernest L. Bogart, Princeton; Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; Frederick A. Cleveland, New York University; John R. Commons, University of Wisconsin; Frank H. Dixon, Dartmouth; Charles A. Ellwood, University of Missouri; Frank A. Fetter, Cornell; John Henry Gray, University of Minnesota; Mathew B. Hammond, Ohio State University; Jacob H. Hollander, Johns Hopkins; Edward D. Jones, University of Michigan; Samuel M. Lindsay, Columbia; Isaac A. Loos, University of Iowa; Frank L. McVey, St. Paul, Minnesota; Carl C. Plehn, University of California; Maurice H. Robinson, University of Illinois; Henry C. Taylor, University of Wisconsin; Frank A. Vanderlip, New York city; Ulysses G. Weatherly, University of Indiana; Adna F. Weber, New York city; Henry Parker Willis, George Washington University; Clinton R. Woodruff, Philadelphia.

W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes to us from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. with revision for 1908. This year there have been added an excursion in the Dolomite region and short tours in Southern Spain.

The first value of Martha Pike Conant's "Oriental Tale in England" (Columbia University Press, the Macmillan Co., agent), as should be expected from a thesis for the doctorate, is its fulness as a record. Here in convenient form are brought together brief characterizations of the Oriental apologues, satires, and letters that run all through the eighteenth century and form an integral part of the romanticism of the nineteenth. Miss Conant makes this connection with the romantic movement the guiding thread of her book, and in her concluding chapter, "Literary Estimate," deals with this theme directly and convincingly. She admits that the Eastern tale as written in England was classic, or pseudo-classic, in form, but points to the romantic escape inherent in its subject, and shows that "every romantic revival passes through a stage of what may be called pseudo-romanticism or, more accurately, superficial romanticism." She has a word also for the influence of the Oriental tale on the development of the novel through the introduction of the element of plot. On the whole, her work is useful, though pedestrian in tone.

"A History of Milan under the Sforza," by Cecilia M. Ady (G. P. Putnam's Sons), edited by Edward Armstrong, is an interesting book. It brings over into English the results of the investigations of a generation of Italian scholars, and supplies the first consecutive account of the Sforza. With reasonable fulness, it is intended to be popular, but not shallow. The Sforza and the Medici rose and flourished side by side, the former in the north, the latter in Florence; and their families collapsed in almost the same year. The author of this book has done much towards securing from English readers an appreciation of the remarkable Lombard dukes, who seemed more than once on the point of overshadowing their Florentine rivals. She has added excellent chapters on the architecture, art, literature, and social life of their duchy, and of Milan in particular. No doubt, much of the credit for the book belongs to Mr. Armstrong, whose life of Lorenzo de'Medici and other works on Italian Renaissance subjects have long been favorably known. The illustrations consist of a score of portraits, of a view of the old Castello Sforzesco, and of some appropriate architectural subjects.

Six lectures delivered at University College, London, and now reprinted under the title "Bonapartism" (Henry Frowde), constitute H. A. L. Fisher's latest contribution to historical literature. Assuming that the reader is familiar with nineteenth century history, he ranges from the campaign of Italy to that of Sedan with a strong grasp of fact and a power of generalization that never flags. Occasionally a new thought is struck out, as when he says that the mental infirmity of Napoleon III., his apathetic tentativeness, was the chief factor that made for his political survival after his election to the Presidency of the Second Republic. On the other hand, the Roman expedition is not noticed, and there are some errors of proportion. The only bad slip observed (p. 76) is the statement that Louis Napoleon became head of the House of Bonaparte on the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. On the whole the book has the true historic ring, and should be useful for students of the period.

"Paraguay on Shannon," by F. Hugh O'Donnell (London: P. S. King), is a vigorous denunciation of the dominance of the Irish priest in politics by a Roman Catholic and Nationalist. While in matters of style and taste it is not above criticism, it throws light upon the Irish question which cannot be ignored. Among other things he calls attention to the unparalleled increase of the clerical population, and says that if Belgium was staffed in the same proportion as Ireland it would have ten archbishops instead of one and sixty bishops in place of five. The priesthood also "monopolize every post and profession in public and private life to which an emolument is attached and from which a layman can be excluded." It controls the Ribbon organization which is now exceedingly strong, a large majority of the leaders being "publicans and spirit grocers." His gravest accusation is that the priests are driving the best of Ireland's sons and daughters to seek an asylum in other lands.

The descendants of Dr. John Morgan, a graduate of the first class of the College of Philadelphia in 1757, later surgeon in Forbes's expedition for the capture of Fort Duquesne, have printed for private circulation his "Journey in Italy, Switzerland, and France in 1764." After six years of apprenticeship to Dr. Redman, the leading physician in Philadelphia in colonial days, Morgan went abroad equipped with letters from Franklin. In Edinburgh, in 1763, he received his medical degree, and then came his tour on the Continent, of which he left the "Journal" now first made public. It is interesting from his description of the places and people he saw, and it shows how young Americans were welcomed abroad. He was presented to the Pope, to the King of Sardinia, and to Voltaire at Ferney; his "Journal" devotes much space to a detailed account of the enthusiastic welcome given to him and his companion, Samuel Powel of Philadelphia. Voltaire showered blessings on their heads, introduced them to his family and guests, among them the descendant of Corneille who shared his bounty, praised Franklin, discussed Bolingbroke and Locke and Hume, and was violent in his denunciation of the church and the priesthood. It is noteworthy that this young American records in an enthusiastic way his admiration of Swiss scenery, at a time when his English elders showed no such love of nature in its grandeur. In Milan he found the Public Hospital beyond comparison the finest and largest he had ever seen, supporting a staff of fifteen surgeons and seventy assistants, with lectures given to the students—no doubt an inspiration to him in his successful foundation of a medical school in connection with the College of Philadelphia in 1765. This was the first medical school in the country, as he was the first American professor of medicine. Later he was made chief medical officer of the Continental Army; his services in reorganizing its hospitals and medical and surgical department were recognized by Washington and the generals who could best appreciate his labors. The appendix to the "Journal" is a list of articles collected by him during his travels, and is of interest as showing the culture of a colonial doctor.

The veteran Anglo-American Orientalist, Prof. Lawrence H. Mills, of Oxford, who reached his seventy-first birthday on February 11, celebrated the occasion, as it were, by adding to his long list of contributions to Avesta scholarship his "Avesta Eschatology Compared with the Books of Daniel and Revelations."

The Gyldendal Publishing Co. (Copenhagen and Chicago) has just issued a daintily printed Danish translation of selected poems by Robert Herrick. The manuscript was recently found in the attic of an old house in the Danish city of Ribe by V. J. von Holstein Rathlou; the author of the translation, which must have been made about 1670, has hidden his identity behind the initials J. L. F., which the editor supposes to mean Jörgen Lauridsen Fog, a former rector of Ribe.

Hans Ross, the Norwegian dialectologist and compiler of "Norsk Ordbog," is the author of a recent treatise on the phonology of Norwegian dialects, "Norske Bygdemaal," published by the Scientific Society of Christiania. The Scandinavian languages as a group he divides into four branches: (1) South Scandinavian, Danish principally, but also including the southern districts of Sweden; (2) Central Scandinavian, comprising the languages of central and part of southern Sweden, and also a part of the north of Sweden; (3) East Scandinavian, or Gothic, covering Gothland and the Swedish isles; and (4) North Scandinavian, or Norse, the language of all of Norway, the northern sections of Sweden, the Swedish of Finland, and, strange it may seem, also the Swedish dialects of Esthonia. This classification is interesting as serving to emphasize the close affinity of Norwegian and Swedish to-day, while a thousand years ago in the later viking age, Danish and Swedish were one as opposed to the more conservative language of Norway. The larger portion of Ross's treatise is devoted to an analysis of the characteristics of the fourth of these groups.

"The Swedish Dialect and Folklore Society" has, in its organ *Svenska Landsmal ock Svenskt Folkliv*, edited by J. A. Lundell, published a large amount of important material in recent years. Perhaps only one other of the existing dialect societies

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in Europe has accomplished more, namely, the English Dialect Society, whose leading spirit is Prof. Joseph Wright of Oxford. In addition to minute studies of dialect the effort of the Swedish Society has been largely directed toward collecting popular ballads (with the music), accounts of rustic dances, legends, and survivals of early beliefs and superstition. The headquarters of the society are at Stockholm, Sweden, and the publications are issued from the press of Aktiebolaget Ljus.

In the Proceedings of the Christiania Scientific Society, No. 6, Magnus Olsen has an article on the inscription of the Valby amulet (Danish), showing how study of runes may throw light on folk-lore. The particular inscription had been unsatisfactorily explained before Olsen's interpretation. This stone, which is slightly larger than a human eye, reads: "Against jealousy." It was evidently used as a charm against "the evil eye." Belief in this magical power, as is well known, was widely spread in southern Europe in the Middle Ages. A Danish author, H. F. Feilberg, has shown that the superstition is also prevalent in the folk-lore of the north of Europe. As there can be no doubt that the Valby amulet dates back to about 700 A. D., and as Mr. Olsen's interpretation is supported by very strong evidence, the inference is that belief in the evil eye, so often met with in later times, affected the life of "the folk" in the north of Europe as early as the seventh century.

"Svensk Arbetarlagstiftning" (Stockholm: H. Geber), by M. Marcus, is a survey of Swedish efforts at legislation relating to labor, with frequent side lights on conditions in foreign countries, especially in Germany, England, and, in a smaller measure, the United States. Sweden has yet much to learn in this matter, and the author hopes that the more democratic composition of the national legislature, expected as an outcome of the new suffrage law, will result in more progressive legislation. The fifth part of Prof. G. Steffen's "Sociala Studier" (Stockholm: H. Geber) deals with only one part of the labor question, that of the labor contract, and is more a philosophical study than an account of present conditions, as is natural in a series which has for sub-title, "Attempts at Explanation of Modern Social Evolution." Both Marcus and Steffen emphasize the idea that the object of all labor legislation is the raising of the working classes to a higher social and cultural *niveau*, in the interest of society as a whole, and warn against tendencies to condemn modern movements on account of occasional exaggerations and abuses which are due to the fact that this is a period of transition.

Karl Brugmann and August Leskien's attack on Esperanto, "Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen" (reviewed in the *Nation* of February 13, 1908), has provoked a warm reply under the same title, from J. Baudouin de Courtenay, professor of comparative languages in the University of St. Petersburg (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). De Courtenay defends himself against the charge of partisanship, saying that he is no more an Esperantist than he is an abolitionist; but he asserts that, as a student of language, he is interested in Esperanto. Taking up Leskien's declaration that Esperanto is anything but easy, De Courtenay says that he gave two weeks, twelve hours a day, to the study of Esperanto; and now, with the exception of a word here and there, he can read practically anything in Esperanto. He has not tried speaking or writing, but has little doubt that he should soon succeed equally well. In answer to Leskien's conclusion that Zamenhof's effort "to solve the problem of a world language is quite unsuccessful," De Courtenay replies that Esperanto is a real language, is not too much dependent on the Romance, is not too artificial, has advantages over all other "world tongues," and is at present the most widely used of all artificial speech. He believes it will not only serve commerce and business men in practical affairs, but it will help in promoting the peace of the world, and breaking down the selfish barriers of contending nations.

In a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, Emil Burger publishes one hundred letters from women of prominence in Germany during the past two centuries, "Deutsche Frauenbriefe aus zwei Jahrhunderten" (Berlin: Moritz Diesterweg). The collection begins with samples from one of the most original of women letter-writers, Elizabeth Charlotte von Orleans; and with selections from Queen Louise, Goethe's mother, and the wives of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, comes down to the present Duchess of Baden.

The first *Heft* of the new volume of the Zeitfragen des christlichen Lebens (Stuttgart: Belser) devotes forty-eight pages to "Karl Schurz, Deutschlands beste Gabe an Amerika." The article is from the pen of Pastor G. von Bosse, a Lutheran minister of Philadelphia.

In "Hauptprobleme der Religionsphilosophie der Gegenwart," a booklet of 120 pages (Berlin: Reuther & Reichhard), Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena gives a summary of the principles of the philosophy of religion, based on the facts of psychology. A second part of the work deals with the history of religions; and a third discusses the character of Christianity. The views are quite naturally in harmony with those developed more extensively in Eucken's larger works. A supplement to this summary is the brochure of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Die Religion," by Georg Simmel, a volume in the series known as Die Gesellschaft (Frankfurt A. M.: Rütten & Loening). Writing from the point of view of psychology, the author regards religion as a necessary factor in man's makeup.

To his two volumes on the best of the Old Testament apocryphal books, Jesus Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus, furnishing an excellent text edition and commentary on this important work, Rudolf Smend of the University of Göttingen has now added a third volume, entitled "Griechisch-syrisch-hebräischer Index zur Weisheit des Jesus Sirach" (Berlin: Georg Reimer, 251 pp.). This makes the material for the study of this *apocryphon* more complete and better than that we possess for some of the Old Testament books themselves. This trilingual concordance is valuable in that it furnishes, as far as Ecclesiasticus alone can do this, the basis for a scientific study of the genesis and development of the meaning of the New Testament technical terms. The three languages are used because these represent three different text recensions of Sirach. This work, like the two earlier volumes, is an excellent example of German research.

The Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft has been informed by the commission it sent out some months ago to investigate the ruins of the synagogues in Galilee, that enough data have been secured to publish a new and instructive volume.

Students of modern religious thought, especially of the recent papal Syllabus and Encyclical on Modernism, will find a mass of valuable material from Catholics and Protestants, now being published in the *Internationale Wochenschrift*, of Berlin, edited by Prof. P. Hinneberg.

Persons interested in the struggle of the so-called Modernists against the Jesuit reaction in the Catholic Church will find significance in a new journal, *Nova et Vetera*, which is issued at Rome by the Società Internazionale Scientifico-Religiosa. Father Tyrrell contributes the opening article and Loisy, Fogazzaro, Murri, and many of the lesser Catholic liberals, both lay and clerical, are among its supporters. The journal is to be issued fortnightly.

The *Rassegna Contemporanea*, a new review published monthly in Rome, deserves a welcome by those interested in the intellectual and political awakening in contemporary Italy. This magazine, which began with the present year, is intended to present all sides of the more serious questions of the day. Among its more notable contributors are Giovanni Pascoli (who, since Carducci's death, is regarded as the greatest living Italian poet); Prof. Adolfo Venturi of the University of Rome, Prof. Cæsare Lombroso of Turin, Giovanni Bertacchi, Luigi Capuana, and Leonida Bissolati.

H. C. Wellman, librarian of the Springfield City Library, reports that in the last four years the use of technical books in that library has increased 145 per cent. This increase he attributes directly to the liberal outlays for such works, and, more particularly, to the efforts to bring these books to the attention of industrial workers. The methods adopted are: The regular publication in the local papers of descriptive notes on the more interesting books; lectures and exhibitions of industrial art, with special emphasis on the books dealing with these subjects; the issue of brief lists of books on technical subjects and the mailing of these lists directly to persons likely to be interested; and, in general, the cultivation on the part of the librarian and his staff of a wide acquaintance with the various industries of the city.

Problems of higher education will be discussed at the fourth biennial congress of the Akademisch gebildeter Lehrer of Germany to be held in Easter week in Brunswick.

Robert White, the English publisher and bibliophile, has just died at the age of ninety. He is known chiefly for his two antiquarian publications, "Worksop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest" (1875) and "Dukery Records: Notes and Memoranda Illustrative of Nottinghamshire Ancient History" (1904).

Edmondo de Amicis, one of the most brilliant and popular of contemporary Italian

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writers of prose, died at Bordighera, March 11. He was born in 1846, and after a military education he entered the army. While still connected with the army he gave more or less time to journalism and literature, and after 1870 he devoted his whole time to travel and authorship. A number of his works have been translated into English. Among his books are "Italia e Polonia," a volume of verse, 1866; "L'Esercito italiano durante il cholera del 1867," 1867; "Bozzetti della vita militare," a collection of tales, 1868; "Ricordi di Roma, 1870-71," consisting of recollections, 1872; "Roma Libera," 1872; "Novelle," 1872; "Spagna," 1873; "Ricordi di Londra," 1874; "Olanda," 1874; "Pagine sparse," 1875; "Marocco," 1876; "Costantinopoli," 1877; "Ricordi di Parigi," 1879; "Poesie," 1881; "Ritratti letterarii," 1881; "Gli Effetti psicologici del vino," 1881; "Gli Amici," 1882; "Alle Porte d'Italia," 1886; "Il Romanzo d'un maestro," 1890; "La Carozza di tutti," 1898; "Speranze e gloria," 1900; "Memorie," 1900; "Ricordi d'infanzia e di scuola," 1901; "Capo d'anno," 1902; "Giardino della follia," 1902. In the last fifteen years of his life he wrote many books on Socialism and social questions.

Adolph Kirchhoff, professor of Greek in the University of Berlin, has passed away in his eighty-second year. Besides his work with Aufrecht on the Umbrian dialect, which made something of a sensation in the academic world, he has to his credit a considerable number of books on the origin and composition of the Odyssey, and on Herodotus and Thucydides.

Conservative Biblical scholarship in Germany has lost one of its ablest representatives among the younger university men in the death of Prof. Justin Adolf Koeberle, who held the Old Testament chair in the University of Rostock. He was born in 1871. His most recent works were the "Kampf um das Alte Testament" and "Der Prophet Jeremias für die Gemeinde erläutert."

The death is announced, at the age of fifty-two, of Carl Ewald, the Danish writer of novels and fairy tales. "The Son of Cordt," a story of his, is now running in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea. Volume IV. Pp. xii, 619. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies (Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, Milan, The Canaries, Mexico, Peru, New Granada). By Henry Charles Lea. Pp. xvi, 564. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

In the final volume of his elaborate study of the Spanish Inquisition Mr. Lea continues his examination of the different spheres of action of the Holy Office, and traces its decadence and final extinction in the nineteenth century. The list of matters, other than formal heresy, with which the Inquisition concerned itself, is a long one, ranging from mysticism and sorcery, where the connection with heresy is very close, to such remote subjects as freemasonry and solicitation in the confessional; and their treatment leads into curious by-paths of psychology and jurisprudence.

The history of mysticism in Spain has already been narrated by the author at greater length in a separate essay, which is here supplemented by new documents and some comparison of the Church's policy in France and Italy. The visions and ecstasies of the mystics might easily lead to heresy by producing contempt for the good works and external observances upon which the Church laid stress, and the problem was complicated by the difficulty of distinguishing the revelations vouchsafed by God from those which were the work of demons. With the line between heresy and sanctity thus uncertain, the visions which in one age were crowned with canonization might in another lead to the stake. No wonder that the Inquisition sometimes vacillated, and grew more and more rigid with the spread of illuminism in the course of the seventeenth century.

Sorcery and the occult arts the Inquisition dealt with much as it dealt with heresy, but its treatment of witchcraft stands out in striking contrast, not only with its own practice in the matter of heresy and sorcery, but with the policy pursued in other parts of Europe. The belief in witchcraft from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries was universal, and the epidemics of persecution tortured and slew their thousands throughout northern and western Europe. This deep-rooted belief then claimed the support of the Bible, the Pope, and the great body of learned opinion, both Protestant and Catholic; and the popular terror which demanded the execution of witches was justified by the scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The Suprema did not deny the existence of witchcraft, but it seems to have acted on the theory that it was a delusion rather than a result of demoniacal possession. The Instructions in regard to it were singularly moderate and enlightened, and the practice lenient, as appears from the sparing use of torture and the opposition to persecution. And, as the witch-madness is "essentially a disease of the imagination, created and stimulated by the persecution of witchcraft," the firmness and wisdom of the Inquisition had a steadying effect on the people and kept Spain comparatively free from the mania. It is doubtless only fair, as Prof. George Lyman Kittredge has recently urged with much force, to judge the witch-hunters of New England by the standard which prevailed in England in the same period; but a large view of the matter must also bear in mind that "the two lands in Christendom in which the Inquisition was thoroughly organized escaped the worst horrors of the witch-craze."

Contrary to a commonly accepted opinion, Mr. Lea finds the political activity of the Inquisition unimportant. He has shown in his first volume how unfounded is the view, once so dear to Catholic apologists, that the Inquisition of Spain was not an ecclesiastical institution but a part of the civil government; and he here points out how the Dominican Inquisition of the Middle Ages, which these same apologists were anxious to free from any connection with the Spanish institution, allowed itself, in the cases of the Templars, Joan of Arc, and Savonarola, to be used for political ends in a way to which Spanish history presents no parallel. In the most celebrated instance of its employment for political purposes, that of Antonio Pérez, "the Holy Office was invoked only as a last resort, when all other methods had failed, and, when it was called in, so far from being the obsequious instrument of the royal will, it resolutely sought to advance its own interests with little regard for the policy of the monarch." Nowhere in the transformation of the state under Ferdinand and Isabella and the Hapsburgs does the Inquisition appear as a factor; and although it was more frequently employed under the Bourbons, cases were uncommon and of a trivial character. Moreover, the reign of the Bourbons was a period of decline for the Holy Office. Their theory of monarchy was that of Louis XIV., which had no place for such an *imperium in imperio* as the Inquisition had become under Philip IV. Like the Grand Monarque, the Bourbon kings also aspired to be patrons of learning, and the scientific and literary establishments which they encouraged prepared the way, though very slowly, for that "Europeanization" which is still the unrealized aim of the most progressive minds of the Peninsula. In such an atmosphere prosecutions for heresy grew much rarer as the eighteenth century advanced, and the energies of the Inquisition were devoted mainly to such matters as bigamy, blasphemy, solicitation, and sorcery. Still the Inquisition died hard. Though suppressed by the Cortes in 1813, it came back with the Restoration, and its final abolition dates only from 1834.

In the concluding chapter the attempt is made to estimate the share of the Inquisition in the misfortunes endured by the Spanish people since the sixteenth century. Mr. Lea is too sound a thinker to attribute the decline of Spain to the Inquisition alone, and he passes rapidly in review such other causes as absolutism and mis-government, indolence, *empleomania* and unwise economic policies. He says:

> What may fairly be attributable to the Inquisition is its service as the official instrument of the intolerance that led to such grave results, and its influence on the Spanish character in intensifying that intolerance into a national characteristic, while benumbing the Spanish intellect until it may be said for a time to have almost ceased to think.

Religious unity was secured—if it was ever severely threatened—at the price of intellectual stagnation. Still, Spain simply did more thoroughly what was in some form or other attempted everywhere. As Mr. Lea puts it:

> The Spanish Inquisition was only a more perfect and a more lasting institution than the others were able to fashion. . . . The spirit among all was the same, and none are entitled to cast the first stone, unless we except the humble and despised Moravian Brethren and the disciples of George Fox. The faggots of Miguel Servet bear witness to the stern resolve of Calvinism. Lutheranism has its roll call of victims. Anglicanism, under Edward VI., in 1550, undertook to organize an inquisition on the Spanish pattern, which burnt Joan of Kent for Arianism, and the writ *De hæretico comburendo* was not abolished until 1676.

And the conclusion of the whole matter is to be found in these closing words:

> After all, the great lesson taught by the history of the Inquisition is that the attempt of man to control the conscience of his fellows reacts upon himself; he may inflict

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misery but, in due time, that misery recoils on him or on his descendants and the full penalty is exacted with interest. Never has the attempt been made so thoroughly, so continuously or with such means of success as in Spain, and never has the consequent retribution been so palpable and so severe. The sins of the fathers have been visited on the children, and the end is not yet. A corollary to this is that the unity of faith, which was the ideal of statesmen and churchmen alike in the sixteenth century, is fatal to the healthful spirit of competition through which progress, moral and material, is fostered. . . However deplorable were the hatred and strife developed by the rivalry which followed the Reformation, it yet was of inestimable benefit in raising the moral standards of both sides, in breaking down the stubbornness of conservatism, and in rendering development possible. Terrible as were the wars of religion which followed the Lutheran revolt, yet they were better than the stagnation preserved in Spain through the efforts of the Inquisition.

The fourth volume shows the same qualities of candor, sobriety, and solidity of judgment which characterize its predecessors, and like them it is built up from the original sources. The prime materials are naturally the unpublished records of the Holy Office itself, as preserved in great abundance in Spanish archives and libraries, but these have been supplemented by research in manuscript collections scattered all the way from Rome and Copenhagen to Lima and Philadelphia, and by wide reading in fugitive imprints and recondite theological literature. Where so much is taken from unpublished sources, it is to be regretted that Mr. Lea has not prepared, either as an introduction or as an appendix, such a survey of the materials as only he can give. The plan of the work, in seeking to combine chronological and systematic treatment, involves a certain amount of repetition; and the bulk is considerably enlarged by the amount of illustrative detail, but such illustrations are always pertinent and their concreteness is in refreshing contrast with the loose and rhetorical writing which has hitherto abounded in this field. Those who lack time or patience for the four volumes can easily select significant chapters by the aid of the elaborate table of contents. The "History of the Inquisition of Spain" is Mr. Lea's best and most mature work, and is in some ways the most notable achievement of American historical scholarship. It is idle at present to expect universal acceptance of its results, for, although the Inquisition has been extinct for two generations, its history is full of controversial matter and touches on every side questions of living moment. The apologist may find comfort here and there, as in the account of witchcraft or in the destructive criticism of the reckless estimates of the number of victims, while other chapters may perhaps suffer the fate of the author's "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," the three volumes of which were translated into French at the time of the Dreyfus agitation, as a means of anti-clerical propaganda which would be all the more effective because so obviously written as a record of historical facts and not as a party pamphlet. Yet Lord Acton pronounced the main body of this work "a sound and solid structure that will survive the censure of all critics," and the Abbé Vacandard, while denying its finality, has recently accepted Reusch's characterization of it as "l'histoire de l'Inquisition la plus étendue, la plus profonde, et la plus fouillée que nous possédions." In spite of present reactionary tendencies, one may indulge the hope that this work may in its turn be accepted as a substantial addition to the body of fact, even now by no means inconsiderable, upon which both Protestant and Catholic historians are in fundamental agreement.

Although published under a title of its own, the account of the "Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies" is really a continuation of the "History of the Inquisition of Spain," and should be read in connection with the larger work, for the light it throws on the workings of the inquisitorial system when comparatively free from central restraint. The history of the tribunals beyond the seas forms an instructive chapter of Spanish colonial policy. In many places the ground has already been tilled by local investigators. The Chilean scholar Medina has written a series of important monographs on the American tribunals; useful works exist for Naples and Sicily; and for the study of the Inquisition in the Netherlands even Mr. Lea must await the completion of the monumental "Corpus Inquisitionis Hæreticæ Pravitatis Neerlandicæ," upon which Paul Fredericq has spent so many fruitful years. Often Mr. Lea has little more to do than to summarize the labors of his predecessors, but he can generally supplement them from his acquaintance with the materials in Spain, and he has always the great advantage of looking at the subject as a whole, and viewing it against the background of the parent institution. Except during the great persecutions of Jews toward the middle of the seventeenth century, accusations for heresy were not frequent in the colonies:

A vast proportion of the cases tried by the Inquisition were for offences comparatively trivial—blasphemy, careless or irreverent remarks, or the more or less harmful superstitions classed as sorcery—and the transmission of denunciations for such matters, over hundreds of leagues of forest and mountain, and awaiting a reply with instructions, was manifestly too cumbrous a process to be practical.

The local commissioners, like most of the officials of the Inquisition in the Indies, seem to have been for the most part men of low character, and their remoteness from superiors and complete immunity from local jurisdiction made them "intolerable pests in their districts." The tribunal itself was subject only to the Suprema in distant Spain; its privileges and exemptions and constant quarrels with rival authorities were a fruitful source of the disorder and weakness of colonial administration, and its opportunities for uncontrolled exploitation are seen in the success with which it evaded the royal demands for accounts of its enormous receipts from confiscations. The influence of all this upon the colonial system Mr. Lea sums up as follows:

While thus in the colonial tribunals we see the Inquisition at its worst, as a portion of the governmental system, we can realize how potent was its influence in contributing to the failure of Spanish colonial policy, by preventing orderly and settled administration and by exciting disaffection which the Council of Indies more than once warned the crown would lead to the loss of its transatlantic empire. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that these revelations, moreover, go far to explain the influences which so long retarded the political and industrial development of the emancipated colonies, for it was an evil inheritance weighing heavily on successive generations.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Metropolis. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Iron Heel. By Jack London. New York. The Macmillan Co.

Having stirred up a nation and its Chief Executive as thoroughly as the author of "The Jungle" did the other day, few men, few wizards certainly, would be able to resist the temptation to repeat the trick. Mr. Sinclair, as previously announced by megaphone, here steps forward with his encore. It is the same pot with which he is busy, only this time he stirs it the other way. The gruel is thick and slab. New ingredients appear upon the surface in place of the eye of newt and toe of frog which held our horrified eyes but yesterday. The magical fumes which arise are less noisome than those of the former brew in so far as rank perfumes are less noisome than offal. The whole business is malodorous enough in all conscience.

"The Metropolis" is even less properly to be called a novel than "The Jungle." There are no human beings in it and there is no continuous action. It is a tract with enough of the air of fiction to draw the attention of a generally intractable public. The excerpts which have been printed in the *American Magazine* contained everything of importance in the book. The story element is delightfully ingenuous. Once upon a time there were two brothers, sons of a Southern family impoverished by the war. The younger came North early in life, and became a prosperous parasite of the very rich New York class. The elder remained a country lawyer and planter, till fire swept away the family mansion, and, now in middle life, he too turned his steps toward the metropolis. He was as ignorant as a babe of everything in New York; he had apparently never even heard of luxury or corruption anywhere. He learned in due course a good deal about such matters, and declared that for himself he would be neither luxurious nor corrupt. All millionaires were dishonest and wickedly extravagant; all Society was brutal and fast. This did not please him at all. He said some hard things about it to the sycophant brother:

"What are you going to do?" gasped Oliver.

"I'm going to give up these expensive apartments—give them up to-morrow, when our week is up. And I'm going to stop squandering money for things I don't want. I'm going to stop accepting invitations, and meeting people I don't like and don't want to know. I've tried your game—I've tried it hard, and I don't like it; and I'm going to get out before it's too late. I'm going to find some decent and simple place to live in; and I'm going downtown and find out if there isn't some way in New York for a man to earn an honest living."

All sensible enough, if a trifle obvious; conclusions of the kind have been reached ere this by persons who did not need such blows of the bludgeon as Mr. Sinclair deals our hero. He leaves very little for anybody else to say against the revoltingly

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rich. For that matter, Juvenal left very little for him to say:

> Nothing is left, nothing, for future times
> To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
> The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
> And act the same mad follies, as their sires.

Vice and extravagance in our age are pretty much what they have been in others, and no new penalty has been discovered for them. The gay world is wasting more money than ever because it has more money to waste, and that money as a whole has not been come by more honestly or dishonestly than heretofore. Yet, few readers, however incredulous of the fact, will feel quite like laughing at Mr. Sinclair's prediction of civil war as the outcome of the continued absorption and misuse of wealth by the few.

Of the recourse to violence Mr. London makes a much more distinct forecast. We have little more regard for him as a man of letters than for his "comrade" in Socialism, Mr. Sinclair; but his book, like the former's, is interesting as a sign of the times. In its character of tract, its force of assertion, and narrowness of generalization, it is strikingly similar. The events described are supposed to take place in the years 1912 and 1913. The narrative is written by the wife of a Socialist and leader of revolt, and the manuscript, hidden in a hollow oak, is discovered seven centuries later and edited, with introduction and notes, by one of the enlightened gentry of that day. "Too late," he comments, "did the Socialist movement of the early twentieth century divine the coming of the Oligarchy. Even as it was divined, the Oligarchy was there—a fact established in blood, a stupendous and awful reality." The "Iron Heel" is, of course, the ruthless power of capitalism, or "the Oligarchy." What Mr. London wishes to give is not so much prophecy as warning of what might happen if, contrary to the hopes of Socialists, unprincipled capitalism were to get the upper hand and do its logical worst. He sees society in the grip of an oligarchy enforcing its will by mercenaries, annihilating the power of the middle class, and making serfs of the "people of the abyss." A series of bloody revolts follow, extending over some three centuries, upon which arrives at last the beneficent triumph of Socialism. Theoretically, Mr. London's rôle as a Socialist is that of apostle of peace, but his nature—his imagination, at least—is, one recalls, a trifle bloodthirsty. A future such as Socialism hopes for, of steady progress, of peaceful conquest by propagandism and the ballot, would afford small material for his talent. The gore through which, in the course of these pages, we are invited to wallow, is far more to his taste; three hundred years of it is not a day too much for him.

Old Wives for New. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A popular melodrama of the present season dropped its curtain on the melancholy speech of a noble but rejected suitor, "Nobody loves a fat man!" If Mr. Phillips's new novel has any serious purpose it is the expounding of this same thesis as applied to the opposite gender. It begins with the story of a winsome, "straight and slim" young girl, who, after marrying a youth with the money-making faculty, overeats systematically and neglects her personal appearance, thereby sacrificing a husband who really means uncommonly well by her. Up to a certain point the matter of the story—its manner needs another criticism—seems intended as a warning against overindulgence. The reader actually feels for a time that Mr. Phillips is leading him on to a reconciliation between the estranged pair, effected through the agency of diet and a regimen of daily exercise. A little later, the author introduces the *motif* of the beauty doctors, and one recalls the advertisement of that cosmetic which raised a plain young woman to such a pinnacle of beauty that when she made a great match, people said it was the maker of the facial cream who really "gave the bride away." As it turns out, however, Mr. Phillips's book is no tract, either for health food or cosmetic. Mrs. Murdock does win an admirer, but it is not her first husband. The outcome, so far as that personage is concerned, is devoid of any ethical or logical significance whatever. After being captivated by a very much worse woman, he chooses, in the end, a sort of middle course, with a third.

The fiction of Mr. Phillips never lacks certain striking qualities, a rapid flow of narrative, highly colored pictures, and an unsparing wit at the expense of his characters. The fault which offsets many of his excellences is a species of realism which leads him into absolutely needless coarseness. Setting out with a theme which is ignoble in most of its external aspects, he has not a touch to refine or even to lighten it.

The House of the Lost Court. By Dona Teresa de Savallo, Marquesa d'Alpens. New York: The McClure Co.

Small but valuable articles have always been staples of the writers of stories of mystery. Jewels and missing wills, perhaps, figure more often than any others. Here, however, we have the same sort of narrative woven about the disappearance of one of three courtyards in an old English country house. Outside of a fantastic short story, a few years ago, describing the lowering of a modern office building into a hole secretly dug in the bowels of the earth, we do not recall a parallel. Nevertheless, if this story concerned the architectural enigma alone, its weakness at many points would be apparent. In a castle built on the rambling lines of that upon the book's cover it is perhaps barely conceivable that the equivalent of a three-room New York apartment with a "new law" airshaft might be overlooked for a century or so. But in the rectangular house of the architectural diagram within—altogether unlike the cover picture—it is hard to believe that even a casual visitor who knew the legend of the lost court could have walked about long without guessing where it was.

There are, however, two complementary mysteries and the second is better sustained. It is solved by a young American girl who, on seeing the family ghost, follows him by night, explores a subterranean passage with the ghost's own lantern, and, having fathomed the deception, follows up most unconventionally the acquaintance so made—quite as remarkable as anything recounted in the book. Accepting the premises, the story is entertaining and pleasantly told.

Cities of Italy. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Few pastimes are more entertaining than to browse among the impressions or descriptions which travellers have left of Italy. Begin with Montaigne's "Journal" and come down to Mr. Symons's studies, and you will get much more than what first meets your eye on the printed page. You will find there life itself, and many varied personalites, peeping through the lines at you; and you will see so many Italys that you may ask yourself whether there is in reality a geographical Italy, perceptible to eye and ear and touch, or an ideal, a dream which rises before men generation after generation, to which they give the name *Italia*. Assuredly, if you turn from "Zeluco" Moore's volumes, which have the commonsense charm of a Dutch painting, to Mr. Symons's essays, half impressionistic, half-symbolistic, you would scarcely imagine that both men are writing about the same country.

Mr. Symons seems to draw his inspiration from Pater, but he lacks that background of serious thinking which made Pater a genuine force in his time, and saved him from amateurishness. The amateur, or, if you will, the dilettante spirit, pervades Mr. Symons. He knows a little art, a little history, something of literature; he is sensitive to poetry, to colors, and to weather. He lives, in fact, from his sensations, and this gives to his sketches their chief merit. His impressions are his own. Sometimes he tries to analyze, and even to classify them; but more often he lets them pass before you without much manipulation. Such work baffles criticism. If the Sistine Chapel, or Venice, or Siena, has called up a certain sensation in Mr. Symons, it is idle for us to say that it is not. We can only determine whether he has described his sensations adequately, and we can honestly affirm that he has done this. He writes, like all men who feel under an obligation to have style, with a pronounced manner; but even his mannerism is not unpleasing, and many of his epithets and phrases are individual and striking. His judgments on art, too, though shot off in rather haphazard fashion, are often pregnant, as when he says, for instance:

> Raphael is the instinctively triumphant perfection of the ideal of the average man. . . . Here is the simplicity of what is called inspiration; the ease of doing, better than any one else, what the greater number would like, better than anything else, to do.

We cannot help feeling that Mr. Symons is always a stranger in Italy. Contemporary life he sees from the outside, and his impressions of the actual Italians would hardly be endorsed by any one who really knew them. The Italians themselves would not recognize themselves in his sketches of them. He is busied, indeed, with an Italy which dwells in his own imagination. We can recommend him to readers who enjoy word-pictures of delicate nuances, and sensations and fancies which pass easily from the vividness of impressionism to the vagueness of symbolism.

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George Sand and Her Lovers. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this beautifully bound monograph of 375 pages on George Sand's love affairs has no sympathy, so he tells us at the outset, with the conventional English attitude towards the relation of sexes. One need only glance through his book to be convinced of the fact, and nobody who has read it will accuse this Britisher of "British prudery." Indeed, his "frankness" might well put to shame some of his French predecessors in the same field, who, with true "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy" had left us in the dark as to the exact character of George Sand's friendship for some of her most conspicuous "friends." The reproach addressed by Mr. Gribble to an English biographer applies to the French likewise; and if we were to rely on their information alone, we might still be laboring under the illusion that Jules Sandeau was only her collaborator, Dr. Pagello her medical attendant, Michel (de Bourges) her legal adviser. Doubtless, Mr. Gribble felt it his imperative duty to clear up these matters once for all and explain with minute detail and accuracy what kind of friend Mérimée had been, as opposed to Flaubert, Chopin as compared with Liszt, Pierre Leroux contrasted with Lamennais. It must, indeed, have been distressing to so conscientious an historian not to have attained the same degree of scientific certitude as to the status of some minor characters, such as, for instance, the engraver Manceau, of whom Mr. Gribble speaks several times. The birth, growth, and decline of these sentimental adventures, their vicissitudes, both tragic and comic, the laws, psychological and physiological, which seemed to determine their evolution—all this is analyzed with searching scrutiny and told with amusing candor.

In fact, this is not a literary sketch, or even an ordinary biography: it is the story of the private life, the stormy and often pathetic life of a woman, a weak and sentimental woman, who owed to an incongruous and suspicious heredity a volcanic temperament, an irrepressible imagination, a magnificent gift of expression, a warm, tender, and inflammable heart. In thirteen pages, none too enthusiastic, is dismissed a literary output which fills 107 volumes; the 362 remaining pages treat the subject at hand, neglecting what this woman of letters actually gave to the public and alone intended for it. Brushing aside these thousands of pages full of poetry, love of nature, and love of humanity that have inspired so many readers, this specialist devoted his energies to the gathering of all the threads of evidence that go to prove that, at such a time this man or that one was more than a mere acquaintance, that the intrigue began at a definite date, and the rupture normally ensued at the appointed hour, and that, of course, the woman was to blame. It seems strange that a biographer should not have fallen under the spell of George Sand's winning qualities. Mr. Gribble, in fact, resisted successfully: he presents us a somewhat flippant *chronique scandaleuse*, in which he carefully brings out all the weaknesses and emphasizes the small sides of a truly great woman. Such a book, accurate as it is in the main, gives, however, of the author of "Indiana" and "La Mare au Diable" as incomplete an idea as was often received by casual visitors at Nohant. Instead of the heroine of their dreams, they would meet a silent, frigid, sleepy, stupid-looking lady, devoid of all the pleasing graces of society, who stopped writing only to weed her garden, sew gowns, play with her grandchildren. "A fat old muse," says Matthew Arnold; "a somnambulist," writes Théophile Gautier; with a "mummified face," adds Goncourt.

To the unsympathetic portrait of the English writer the admirers of George Sand will oppose the picture of the bold novelist, who, anticipating by sixty years the popular iconoclasts of the declining century, raised her voice against social lies and iniquities; of the woman whose soul was consumed with the love of her fellows, and espoused all the great causes that kindled the hearts of men; the untiring worker who, every night, until the early hours of dawn, "made copy for Buloz," and earned a million francs that she gave away to her family, her friends, her poor, and the peasants of the neighborhood; the great artist, who was inexpressibly modest, absolutely devoid of egotism, incapable of hating anything but meanness, cruelty, and superstition. Indeed, it is quite safe to admire a writer whom Renan called "the Æolian harp of our time," and love a woman whom old Flaubert worshipped like a mother; at whose funeral Dumas fils, who was to deliver an address, broke down and sobbed like a child; and of whom M. Faguet writes that, "No woman ever displayed to such a degree the highest qualities of an honest man."

This book on George Sand's lovers will serve its purpose nevertheless. It is interesting and informing. It corrects some statements of "L'Histoire de ma vie"; it brings before the English reading public the results of S. Rocheblave's and A. Le Roy's studies; especially in regard to the relations of George Sand and Chopin it offers a more complete account than any previous work, thanks to the use made of the letters to the Chopin family that M. Karlowic published in Warsaw, under the title, "Souvenirs inédits de Chopin" (1904).

The artistic appearance of this edition, the quality of the portraits do credit to the publishers. Slips on French words or names are rarer than usual; and the author knows his subject well. *Débats*, however, takes no circumflex accent, Marmontel wrote, "Les contes moraux" (not "morales"), and Louis Ulbach, the journalist, did not have any *de* before his name.

Science.

A Mind That Found Itself: An autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. Pp. 363. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50 net.

The purposes of Mr. Beers's book as he sets them forth are three in number: To rob insanity of its terrors; to correct existing abuses and to elevate the standard of treatment; and to induce the benevolent rich to aid State and nation in supplying funds for the erection and maintenance of model institutions for the care of the mentally diseased.

Mr. Beers is a Yale graduate who began to show signs of nervous and mental breakdown during his final year at the university. From his own analysis one would infer that his obsessions were those of a psychasthenic, coupled with a rather severe acute melancholia brought on through worry and fear. He notes carefully the various symptoms he felt while attending a brother suffering from brain tumor and attacks of epilepsy, and is inclined to date his own mental estrangement from that time. As a record of the peculiar symptom-complex of temporary insanity the book is somewhat remarkable, written as it is from within, and giving the observations of an abnormal psychologist upon his own mental processes. Such attempts have been made many times before by the unbalanced, but always with the inevitable result that one might expect—mere jargon and extravagance of words. Mr. Beers, however, has written a readable book.

If he has failed to subordinate the personal element to his "cause," he can be pardoned because of his desire to stir up proper indignation for current asylum abuses as he views them. From the evidence before us there is no question that he was a very refractory patient, and as he himself confesses, a wilful one. Therefore, it is not remarkable that he succeeded in involving himself in all sorts of difficulties with attendants and physicians. But even so, the treatment he received was unjustifiable on any score whatever, and his story should serve as a text for the proper reorganization of the "system" of management of the insane as now carried on. This remark seems to apply especially to the run-for-pay sanatoria, where conditions are curiously enough much worse than in the charitable institutions.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Beers is the formation of a "National Committee for Mental Hygiene" to coöperate with Federal, State, and local authorities so that representative men and women may spread "a common sense gospel of right thinking in order to bring about right living." In fine, he would have this society do "in its own field what the National Society for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis has done, and is doing, in its sphere of activity." This strikes us as a rather vague and indefinite outline. But the need of more intelligent care of the insane is undoubted; and an organization to accomplish that purpose might conceivably devise ways and means that are now unthought of or neglected. It would do something if it only enlightened general public opinion. A system of inspection by properly qualified laymen might be found desirable, but just how such inspection can actually prevent insanity is by no means clear, if we go back a very little way into a study of its etiology. To be sure, the melancholic and allied functional states yield more readily to treatment, possibly most readily; but how can one prevent hereditary types, save by marriage restrictions, or the type due to some pre-existing disease such as that which is thought to be responsible for paretic dementia? Certainly the author has failed to take these facts sufficiently into account. However hopeless the view may seem, one is bound to face the fact that insanity is in the majority of cases an unpreventable and an

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incurable disease, and nothing short of Utopia itself can ever make it very much less so. In the meantime, any effort toward the amelioration of the lot of these unfortunates by decreasing their sorrows and increasing whatever joys they can still appreciate deserves hearty commendation and support.

The Italian Geographical Society has decided to send a geographical and scientific expedition to Dancalia, which is in part under Italian jurisdiction. Capt. Alfonso Mario Tancredi, who has spent many years in Erythrea and has written several important monographs on that colony, will have charge of the party, which will start at once. The undertaking has the moral support of the Colonial Department as well as a generous grant of funds, and has also received a large contribution from the Milan Society for Geographical and Commercial Exploration. One of the chief objects of the expedition will be to determine the boundaries and spheres of influences between the Italian possessions in East Africa and Ethiopia.

Drama.

THE RENASCENCE OF MENANDER.

I.

The new Menander, just published,* although containing no entire play, presents enough continuous text to enable us to reexamine the verdict inherited from antiquity. The modern world has acquiesced with docility in Menander's great fame. But the paradoxical exclamation of Aristophanes of Byzantium: "O Menander, O Life, which of you copied the other?" Dio Chrysostom's and Plutarch's extravagant rating of Menander above even Aristophanes, Cæsar's depreciation of Terence as a "halved Menander," and Quintilian's appreciation of the Greek poet as a mould and mirror of life, have ever teased us with half-knowledge. He has been the hidden side of the moon behind the genial face of his Latin representative.

Until the discoveries (1891-1903) of a series of Menander papyri, our direct knowledge of his work (except for a mosaic of 759 gnomic verses) was based upon about 1,050 fragments varying in length from a few words to nineteen consecutive lines. Though only a few of these older fragments fall into place in the newly discovered comedies, yet they are still of importance, both for the dignified beauty of certain passages and also as emphasizing the quotable character of much of his writing. His sententious observations appealed to the audience like the "quotations" in "Hamlet." Hence, in part, the preservation of so many scattered fragments.

In reading the continuous text of the new manuscript one finds, as was to be expected, that this moralizing comes in only incidentally. The Greek playwright knew his business. But the old fragments help us to remember that Menander was the pupil and friend of Theophrastus—himself the pupil and successor of Aristotle—and that he was also the friend of Epicurus. Ptolemy Soter, it is recorded, tried to induce Menander and Theophrastus together to settle in Alexandria. But Menander, who was the son of a Greek general and the nephew, on his mother's side, of the famous comic poet, Alexis, was an Athenian of the Athenians. He seems to have lived on in his native land and to have been drowned in Greek water at the Piræus. On the road up from the harbor to Athens could be seen his tomb, as Pausanias pointed out, and close by it, as was fitting, the cenotaph of Euripides, whose romanticism Menander had combined with a more genial humanism. But the work of the stay-at-home poet was to acquire a larger citizenship. His comedies, known not only through the patchwork translations of Terence, but accessible themselves for many centuries from Lyons to Alexandria and wherever Greek was read, must have transmitted into the applied philosophy of life in western Europe many an echo of the Peripatetics, of Epicurus, and of all the intellectualizing ethics of the Hellenic world. When Menander was in his thirties Zeno the Stoic was putting forth his new propaganda. Yet we may attribute rather to the general attitude, common to the various schools and not absent even from Epicurus, Menander's reflection of the philosophic impassiveness—ἀπαθεία. Be that as it may, this impassiveness is occasionally tempered to a finer edge, a more militant courage, as we see from these lines ("Meineke," p. 995):

Being a man ne'er ask a life from pain set free
But of the gods ask courage that endureth long.
For if to shun all grievance to life's end thou'rt fain,
Thou must become a god, or, failing that, a ghost.
Looking on ills of others, comfort take in thine.

And the following ("Meineke," p. 958) is at least more robust than Hadrian's: *Animula, vagula, blandula.* Human life is here likened to a festival or market-fair whence one may pass content when he has seen the shows:

That man, O Parmeno, I count most fortunate
Who quickly whence he came returns, when he,
unvexed,
Has looked on these majestic sights—the common
sun,
Water and clouds, the stars and fire. If thou shalt
live
An hundred years, or if a very few, thou'lt always see
These same sights present, grander ones thou'lt
ne'er behold.
So reckon thou this time I'm speaking of as though
Some market-fair or trip to town, where one may
see
The crowd, the market, dice, and loungers' haunts;
Then, if thou'rt first unto thy lodgings, with more
gold
Thou'lt go upon thy travels and shalt pick no
brawl;
While he that tarries longer, worn, his money gone,
Grows old and wretched and forever knows some
lack,
A wandering vagrant finding enemies and plots,
And gains no death that's easy, staying out his
time.

This fragment, it is worth noting, is from the "Hypobolimaios," one of the plays so highly commended by Quintilian.

II.

The finds in Egypt (1891-1903) containing 14, 51, 60, and 87 lines respectively of lost plays (*i. e.*, "The Flatterer," "The Countryman," "The Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Off") were welcome, but the sample was still small. The new papyrus gives us a much larger pattern. It contains parts of four comedies. Three of these I shall discuss but briefly. The first is "The Hero"(?), which, although it yields us only seventy-one lines, preserves the argument and the *dramatis personæ.* Hence it is significant. The plot is typical except that here, instead of one infant exposed or farmed out, there are twins and the girl grows up to have a like fate with her mother. There is the usual happy and inevitable solution: a "recognition" of the children and a marriage of the original couples before or after the dénouement. By reason of the double knot and the stress of twins an Euripidean *deus ex machina* must intervene, and this seems to be the rôle of the divine personage who appears without a name and whose presence suggests the identification of the title. It may be noted that all the names except that of the young man and those of the twins, reappear in the types copied by Terence, that is, assuming the slave names Daos and Sangarios as represented by the Latin slave names Davus (cf. "Andria" and "Phormio") and Sanga (cf. "Eunuchus").

Of "Perikeiromene" (The Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Off), we have 178 lines, fortunately supplemented by the scene of 51 lines in the Oxyrhynchus fragment (Grenfell and Hunt, London, 1899), which gives the key to the situation at the end of the play. This may serve to illustrate that in letters, as in science, the same principle holds: all knowledge, however fragmentary, bides its time to be correlated with a larger pattern. The first scene is lost. The play opened apparently *ex abrupto*, but a "machine" goddess, Agnoia, gives a post-mortem prologue in the second scene. The scene of the comedy is laid at Athens. The stage setting, as in "Epitrepontes," which is treated at length below, seems to require three houses. A brother and sister have been abandoned as infants and brought up separately, both of them ignorant of their parentage. The sister comes to know the facts, but her brother, still in ignorance, excites the jealousy of his sister's lover, who in a rage cuts off her hair. Hence the name of the play. The lover becomes duly repentant and all is explained. Glycera finds her father by means of the tokens exposed with her when a baby. She forgives her barber of a lover, and is given to him in marriage with a good dowry by her new-found father.

"The Samian Woman" contains the greatest number of lines, but is much more imperfect than "Epitrepontes." M. Lefebvre *infers* the title from a Samian woman who plays a leading rôle. The follow-

*Fragments d'un Manuscrit de Ménandre; découverts et publiés par M. Gustave Lefebvre (Inspecteur en chef du Service des Antiquités de l'Égypte). This *editio princeps* is a beautiful quarto (pp. 220) published in Cairo, at the Imprimerie de l'Institut français d'archéologie orientale, December, 1907. It contains an uncial (semi-) reproduction of the 1300-odd lines of text; a regularly edited Greek text, with minor lacunæ judiciously filled out; the old fragments belonging to the plays in question, even including for "Perikeiromene" the fifty-one lines of the Egyptian find of 1899; and, finally, a translation in French. Facsimile plates are to follow. In the preface Gustave Lefebvre, the editor (with whom Maurice Croiset has been in happy collaboration), gives details of the discovery of the MS. In July, 1905, information was brought in to his headquarters at Assiut of a new find of papyri at Kôm Ishkaou, the site of the ancient Greek city, Aphroditespolis, further up the Nile to the west of the river. In the foundations of a Roman house, uncovered by chance, among other papyri leaves and 150 rolls of MSS.—mostly Greek business papers, contracts, wills, letters, etc.—were found seventeen leaves of a mutilated codex of Menander. Had fortune preserved the codex intact, M. Lefebvre argues that we should have had at least seventy leaves containing five complete comedies. The editor would date the MS. as of the end of the second or the beginning of the third century of our era.

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ing extract may show how "The New Comedy" fills out our knowledge of details. Demeas, at his country house, is busied with the personal oversight of the preparations for the wedding banquet of his son Moschion when he discovers by chance his relationship to an adopted baby. He describes the whole household as in a bustle:

All a shouting: "Flour! Water! Give me oil! Some coals!"
And I myself, too, taking part and giving this and that,
Into the storeroom, as it chanced, had gone; from whence
I did not come directly, busy laying out
Unusual provision and inspecting all
Within. Just then, while I was there, a woman came
Descending from the upper-story, from above,
Into the storeroom's antechamber. For, with us
There's an apartment, as it happens, for the looms,
So placed that through it is the entrance to the stairs
And to the storeroom. She was nurse to Moschion,
And well along in years, a former slave of mine,
But now set free. And of the baby catching sight,
A bawling, bawling, as it lay, left all alone,
She, knowing nothing of my being there inside,
Thinking herself in safety, falls a chattering
Such things you know that women will, like: "Darling child!"
Exclaiming, and: "O blessed treasure!" And, of course,
The mammy kissed and carried it about and, when
It stopped its crying: "Wretched woman that I am,"
Unto herself she says: "It seems but yesterday
When I was suckling, loving Moschion himself,
And here's a baby of his own!"

And so the sudden grandfather learns that his son is the child's father.

III.

The least broken play in the volume, "Epitrepontes" (Those Submitting to Arbitration), takes its name from a scene happily preserved, although this is not the main subject of the comedy. The 517 lines that remain to us not only give almost complete details of the plot, but what is far more important, they allow us to judge of Menander in consecutive scenes and that, too, of Menander at his best. For by good luck "Epitrepontes," as we know, was one of his best plays. Alciphron cites it as a *chef d'œuvre,* and Quintilian mentions it with five others when he describes Menander as a model in matter and manner for the young Roman orators. "He alone," says Quintilian, "in my judgment, if read with diligence, would suffice to secure all the qualities that we are inculcating." Undoubtedly, therefore, in the speeches of the shepherd Daos and the charcoal-burner Syriskos we have now a specific instance of what Quintilian commended in Menander, his ability to mirror human life and to fit his words to his characters ("ita vitæ imaginem expressit . . . ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus accomodatus").

The relation of the "Hecyra" of Terence to this play is well discussed by the editor. If it really is based upon the dismembered "Epitrepontes" we feel more than ever ready to coincide with Julius Cæsar's protest against this process of vivisection.

The plot of "Epitrepontes," so far as is needful for an understanding of the scene quoted below, is as follows: Pamphile, daughter of Smikrines, a country gentleman of Attica, has been violated during the carnival night of the Tauropolia by Charisios, who presently marries her, although both are ignorant of their past relations. A child is born to Pamphile and is secretly exposed with certain birth-tokens, including a ring taken from Charisios at the Tauropolia. The child is found by Daos, a shepherd who, however, does not wish to bring it up and is glad to hand it over to Syriskos, a charcoal-burner, whose wife has opportunely lost her own baby. Daos holds back all mention of the trinkets exposed with the child. Later the foster parents learn of the trinkets and come to demand them of Daos. The matter is left to the arbitration of old Smikrines, who happens by, and who is, in fact, the grandfather. The scene is laid in Attica. Three houses may be assumed in the background: those of Smikrines, of Charisios, and of Chærestratus, a charcoal merchant, to whom Syriskos comes on a business errand. Syriskos seems to be a worthy representative of those very independent demesmen, the charcoal-burners, who form the energetic chorus in "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes. The extract here given is selected partly on account of the reference in Quintilian, but the subsequent scenes, for which we have not space, are more dramatic.

("Epitrepontes": Act. I. Scene 2. Enter Daos, a shepherd; Syriskos, a charcoal-burner, with his wife carrying the baby; later, Smikrines, the father of Pamphile.)

Daos. You dodge what's fair!
Syriskos. And you, unchancy, swindle me.*
Daos. You may not have what is not yours.
Syr. This matter, then,
Let's leave to some one.
Daos. I agree, let's arbitrate.
Syr. Who shall it be?
Daos. For my part any one will do.
[*Aside.*] It serves me right, for why did I go in with you?

Enter Smikrines.

Syr. Good sir!
Now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?
Smikrines. Give you? And wherefore?
Syr. We've a question in dispute.
Smi. To me what does that matter?
Syr. Some fair-minded judge,
For this we're seeking, so, if nothing hinders you,
Settle our quarrel.
Smi. You crow-bait scoundrels, you!
Dressed in your goat-skins, do you walk and talk of law?
Syr. But none the less the matter's short and easily
Decided. Grant the favor, father, by the gods,
Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
And every one that happens by should take his part
In looking out for this. It is the common lot
We all must share.
Daos (aside). I've grappled no mean orator.
Why did I let him in?
Smi. Will you abide, now say,
By my decision?
Syr. Certain sure.
Smi. I'll hear. For what's
To hinder? (*To Daos.*) You! you close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.
Daos. I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
When I came on a little infant child exposed
With necklaces and some such other trumpery—.
Syr. About *them* we are talking.
Daos. He won't let me speak!
Smi. (*To Syr.*) If you put in your chatter, with this stick of mine
I'll fetch you one.
Daos. And serve him right.
Smi. (*To Daos.*) Speak on.
Daos. I will.
—I took it up and with it went off to my house.
I had in mind to rear it—'twas my notion then—
But over night came counsel, as it does to all.
And with myself I reasoned: "What have I to do
With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
Find so much money? What anxiety for me!"
Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
At daybreak. Comes this fellow—he's a charcoal man—
Unto this selfsame place to cut out stumps of trees.
Now he had had acquaintance with me back of this,
And so we talked together. Noticing my gloom,
Says he, "Why, Daos, are you anxious?" "And why not?" says I,
"For I'm a meddler." And I tell him of the facts:
How I had found, how owned the child. And straightway then,
Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged.
"So, Daos, blessed be your lot!" at every word
Exclaiming: "Give to me the baby! *So,* good luck
Be yours! *So,* be you free. For I've a wife," says he,
"And she gave birth unto a baby and it died"—
(He meant the woman, her who rears the baby now)—
Smi. You begged him, then, Syriskos?
Syr. Yes.
Daos. The live-long day
He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me,
I promised him; I gave the child and off he went
Calling down countless blessings; seized and covered o'er
My hand with kisses.
Smi. (*To Syr.*) You did this?
Syr. I did.
Daos. Well, he
Together with his wife departed. Of a sudden now
He meets me; claims the things then with the child exposed—
(Now these were small and worthless, merely nothing)—claims
That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
Because I will not give them, wish them for myself.
But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
For what he *did* get by his begging. If not all
I give him there's no need to bring me to account.
If even walking with me he had found these things
It were a mutual god-send; he had taken *this,*
I *that;* but when I made the find alone, do you (*To Syriskos*)
Expect to have it all and not one thing for me?
In fine, I gave you of my own, with free-will gave:
If this still pleases you, why keep it even now,
But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind
Why then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.
But, partly from me willing, partly forcing me,
That you get all—that were not fair. I've said my say.
Smi. (*To Syr.*) He's finished. Don't you hear? He's finished.
Syr. Yes, all right!
Then I come after. All alone this fellow here
The baby found and all these facts he's telling now
He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
I do not contradict him. I entreated, begged,
And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his
With whom he had been talking, now brings word to me
That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
For this, my father, he* is present here himself
And now demandeth of you, Daos, an account

*We should like to interchange the characters here and trans.: συκοφαντεῖς "you blackmail me," instead of "swindle," but the context and the MS. seem to indicate the present arrangement.

*The baby.

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(Now give me, wife,* the necklaces and tokens here)
For he† declares that these were placed upon himself
As his adorning, not for piecing out your keep!
I, too, join in demanding as his guardian—
You made me that by giving him—And now, good sir, (*To Smi.*)
Methinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be right
This jewelry and whatsoever else there is,
As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
Be put by for the baby till he come of age
Or this clothes-stealing cut-purse is to have these things
Belonging unto others if he found them first.
"Why didn't I," you're saying, "when I took the child,
Demand them then of you?" Not yet then had there come
To me a person speaking in the child's behalf.
And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
That's mine, mine only. "Mutual god-send!" None of that!
No findings! when 'tis question of a person wronged:
That is not finding, 'tis a filching from the weak.
And look at this, too, father, may be this one† here
Was born unto our betters. Reared 'mongst working-folk
He will despise our doings. Following his own bent
Perhaps some high-born action he will venture on
And go a lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race; at public contests see tragedians.
I know you understand all this. Those heroes once,
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goat-herd in his goat-skin dressed as I am now,
And when he noticed they were better born than he
He tells the matter, how he found, how took them up.
He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens filled,
From which they found out clearly all their history,
And they, who then were goat-herds, afterwards were kings.
But had a Daos found those things and sold them off,
That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been unknown
Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.
And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
Should rear his body while that Daos seizes on
His life's hope for the future, makes it disappear.
A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped
By just such tokens. One a mother found and saved.
This one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
By long ahead providing what is possible.
"Well, if you are not suited, give him back," says he.
This is his stronghold in the matter as he thinks.
But that's no justice. Must you give up what is his,
Then in addition you would claim to have the child
That more securely you may play the rogue again
If some of his belongings Good-luck has preserved.
I've said my say. (*To Smi.*) Give verdict as you hold is just.

Smi. Well, this decision's easy: "All that was exposed
Together with the child goes with him," I decide.
Daos. All right. But now, the baby?
Smi. Zeus! I won't decide
He's yours who'd wrong him, but he's his who came to aid,
This man's who stood against you, you who'd injure him.
Syr. Now yours be many blessings!
Daos. Nay, a verdict rank!
By Zeus, the saviour! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all and he who did not find shall have!
Am I to hand this over?
Smi. Yes.
Daos. A verdict rank.—
Else may no blessing ever light on me!
Smi. Come, give.
Daos. Good Heracles, how I am treated!

*Daos apparently has allowed her to inspect them. †The baby.

IV.

It would be useless to assert that even this great addition to the fragments of Menander will entitle us to a judgment wholly independent of our inferred knowledge. But, added to Plautus and Terence, and even the character types that have filtered down to Molière, it helps us to picture more vividly Greek life in the days of Alexander the Great. And when allowance is made for a non-Christian, though not wholly pre-Christian, toleration of loose sexual relations, we seem to find in Menander an otherwise high-minded poet accustomed to recognize in human life the nobler impulses and motives. Tradition speaks of him, it is true, as a perfumed fop and a lover of pleasure, but we may perhaps remind ourselves that the term Epicurean, as vulgarly employed, does not fairly describe the content of his writings any more than it does the best ideals of Epicurus himself. Our present text, indeed, bears out the approval of Plutarch (Quæst. Conv. vii. 3), who expressly comments on the absence from his numerous comedies of allusions to the worst blot upon Greek morals, and notes the fact that lawful marriage is the regular outcome of the irregular intrigues of the various lovers.

Menander stands forth as the protagonist of the "New" Comedy, which no longer offers the lyric beauty, the sparkling wit, the naked license, the daring satire of Aristophanes. It does not, indeed, primarily seek to provoke laughter, but is the scenic representation of human life, the pathetic, the amusing, and the commonplace. If the types presented—inflammable lovers and courtesans; slaves and their mistresses; cooks and parasites; braggart soldiers and surly old men—ever seem mean or monotonous, this is largely due to a political and social atmosphere no longer vibrant either with victory or with struggle.

As to the Greek itself of the new text, it is straightforward and lucid. Only rarely does it offer difficulty to the average reader of Attic prose. Some betterments in filling out the lacunæ, and changes in pointing or readings have already been made and others will be suggested, but the editors are to be congratulated upon giving out so soon such a satisfactory edition.

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The trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace have published, for the use of visitors to the birthplace and Shakespearean students generally, a small volume dealing with some recent acquisitions. It is called "Four Quarto Editions of Plays by Shakespeare, Described by Sidney Lee, with five illustrations in facsimile."

"Ibsen als Norweger und Europäer" is the title of a small collection of essays on the characters in Ibsen's works, illustrative of his national and cosmopolitan traits, recently published by the German critic, Albert Dresdner. The author makes much of the *Kritizismus* and the *Moralismus* of the dramatist.

Henry Miller's new company will make its first appearance in this city March 23 at the Savoy Theatre, in Charles Rann Kennedy's new drama, "The Servant of the House." This piece met with warm critical appreciation in London. The heroine will be played by that admirable actress, Edith Wynne Matthison, who will be associated with Walter Hampden, Tyrone Power, Charles Dalton, and others.

F. R. Benson has completed his arrangements for the next Stratford-on-Avon festival, which will begin on April 20, and last for three weeks. He has secured the cooperation of many well-known actors and actresses. For instance, in the performance of "Measure for Measure" during the first week, W. Poel and the Elizabethan Stage Society will assist; and Miss Genevieve Ward will be the Queen Margaret of "Richard III." In the second week for "Henry V." Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard are engaged; and for "Romeo and Juliet" Henry Ainley and Miss Constance Collier. The third week will bring Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott in "Hamlet"; and "Dr. Johnson," with Arthur Bourchier in the title rôle, to be followed by "Monsieur de Paris" and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The connection between this and Shakespeare is not explained. There will be a Shakespearean costume ball in the town hall at Stratford on April 30.

An Irish stage society has just been organized in London, in affiliation with the Irish Literary Society. It has for its object the production of plays dealing with Irish life, past and present, and it is proposed to have four or more performances annually, one of them to be given in the open air. Arrangements are already being made for the production of a peasant play, "The Land," by Patrick Colum. Among the promoters of the society are Dr. John Todhunter, Alfred Perceval Graves, P. J. Kirwin, Francis H. Skrine, and J. P. Boland, M.P.

Ada Dyas, a well-known actress, died in England March 12. Her first appearance in London was in 1861, when she played the part of Prince John of Lancaster, in the second part of "King Henry IV.," at Sadlers Wells, in the closing months of the famous directorship of Samuel Phelps. Perhaps she owed her clear cut style and excellent diction—which excited the admiration of Richard Grant White—to her brief experience with that notable organization. Her advance was rapid, for in 1866 she was leading lady in the London production of "Hunted Down," which had, for those days, a phenomenal run. She came to America in 1872 where she was engaged by Augustin Daly to play the part of Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife" at his Fifth Avenue Theatre. She did not remain there long, for Lester Wallack offered her the position of leading lady in his company, then the best comedy organization in this country. In 1892 she was engaged by Henry Irving for the part of Goneril in his revival of "King Lear" at the London Lyceum, and her performance was the object of special praise. Miss Dyas was never a great actress. She had no special power of emotional utterance or the mood of tragic exaltation. Nevertheless, she could exhibit both choler and pathos, and had all the resources of feminine charm, intrigue, or guile in her artistic equipment. Her easy, authoritative, brilliant manner, her complete comprehension, and her executive neatness constituted her chief claims to artistic distinction.

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Music.

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Second Series. Published by the Music Teachers' National Association: President: Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn. $1.60.

Twenty-nine years ago the Music Teachers' National Association was founded, and many papers read at the annual gatherings have been worth preserving. A year ago the Association printed the Proceedings of its 1906 meeting, and we now have a Second Series, for the meeting of 1907, which was held on the last five days of that year. The volume covers a variety of topics, yet considerably more than half its pages are devoted to the problems of music in schools and universities.

Some months ago Prof. Leonard McWhood of Columbia University sent out circulars to which he received answers from 123 colleges. From these he infers that approximately one-half the colleges in the country recognize the value of instruction in music sufficiently to grant credit in this subject. What is more remarkable still is that one-half the colleges that now grant credit in music toward the degree have adopted this policy within six years, while the majority of colleges that now grant entrance credit in music have taken this step within three years. In the common schools, too, the demand for music and its recognition as a valuable educational factor are growing rapidly.

This movement will be further accelerated if the admirable paper on "The Function of Music" by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University included in this volume receives the attention it deserves. He insists that "there is no subject, not one, in the high school and college curriculum that should be taken by so large a proportion of students." And he gives his reasons for this large claim. Music, he maintains, is the language of the feelings. Speech is the language of the intellect, but "the feelings are older and vaster. . . . We Americans are more prone than any other race to be defective in *gemüt*. more liable to have our emotional life grow sterile and desiccated. This it is the function of music to restore, deepen, enlarge, intensify, and express." President Hall once visited in Germany a school where a fifth grade class could sing for him any one of fifty chorals or folksongs by heart, but could not yet read notes. He advises American educators to relegate to the second or third place the technique that all teachers tend to push to the foreground. On this point the doctors disagree. George W. Wilmot, while agreeing that pupils should be given good, wholesome, and beautiful songs, thinks that in some grammar schools there is not enough technical drill. This might be true were it the object of school music to give a training for a musical career, but in truth what music teaching in shools should accomplish is, as Prof. Charles H. Farnsworth points out, "to develop the capacity for the more intense enjoyment of music." In other words, school music should not make musicians, of whom we have too many, but good listeners, of whom there are too few.

Among the other papers that will repay reading are Arthur Farwell's on "The Relation of Folksong to American Musical Development," and Hermann Klein's on the National Association of Teachers of Singing. Mr. Klein would have teachers of singing furnish, like the doctors, a certificate of proficiency. Mention must also be made of Arthur Foot's valuable lists of piano pieces and studies important for use in teaching.

Singers and students of vocal art will be glad to know that Sir Charles Santley is about to bring out a new book, to be entitled, "The Art of Singing."

Some years ago, E. Humperdinck, author of "Hänsel und Gretel," wrote some delightful incidental music to the play called "Die Königskinder," another version of the story of the babes in the woods. He has now set this story to music throughout, thus making a new opera. The score is said to be nearly completed.

The young French composer, Raoul Laparra, seems to have been successful with his opera, "La Habanera." Four years ago this composer won the Grand Prix de Rome, but his opera is his first work that has attracted general attention. The story is one of jealousy and murder, but in the background there is always the music of the habanera dance. As a composer, Laparra does not follow the example of Debussy, who taboos melodies and coherent harmonies. He belongs rather to the school of Charpentier.

Particular interest attaches to the last concerts to be given at Carnegie Hall this evening and Saturday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They will mark the last appearances of Dr. Karl Muck, who has won many admirers here, but who is obliged to resume his duties as principal conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera.

The committee in charge of the Edward MacDowell Fund announces that it has completed its work. Total contributions to date, with interest, amount to $39,712.18. The expense of administration, together with the money paid on behalf of Mr. MacDowell, amounts to $10,780, leaving a balance of $28,932.18. This money, less some minor expenditures which have yet to be made, will be turned over to the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association, which has been formed to administer it in connection with the MacDowell property in Peterboro, N. H.

Clara Anastasia Novello, Countess Gigliucci, famous up to 1860 as a concert, opera, and oratorio singer, died in Rome March 16. She was the daughter of the English composer and organist, Vincent Novello, and was born in 1818. In 1829 she became a pupil in the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1833, at her first public appearance as a singer, she won immediate success. Her operatic début was made at Padua in 1841, in "Semiramide." Thenceforth, for nearly two decades, she was one of the most popular artists on the stage, in England as well as in Italy. She excelled in oratorio.

Walter Slaughter, the English musician, died March 2, at the age of forty-eight. He had been conductor of the orchestra at various London theatres, and had written a number of popular songs and eight operas. Among his songs were "The Dear Homeland," "Fair Madolin," and "My Welcome"; among his operas "Alice in Wonderland," "Rose and Ring," and "Lady Tatters."

Art.

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

Surely no carping critic, self appointed to safeguard oppressed and undiscovered genius, nor those chosen young vessels themselves—they are always young—can complain that the artist with a "tendency" has not been offered a fair chance at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, open in this city from March 14 to April 18. In groups and singly, on every hand, are examples of all the latest "movements" in art (and these are almost as changeable as the styles in bonnets). And after a tour of the galleries one comes away with the memory of things one does not care for—perhaps to the exclusion of pictures which make a quieter appeal. Here are bold, bare transcripts, large and small, of nature in unæsthetic moods, clamoring for attention; here is humanity in unlovely realism; "waves of ugliness," impressionism so called, or whatever is the latest cry—all are here. Here, too, fortunately, are many loving and intimate interpretations of land and sea, the sky above them, and of men and women who live and have their being about us, painted by artists who do not insist on telling in strident voices in this casual company all they know the first time you meet them, but hold many a choice secret in reserve for the sympathetic listener. It is to these strongly individualistic painters and not to those who with perennial zeal pursue each fleeting whim and caprice that American art owes its increasing prestige at home and abroad.

The Academy hitherto has usually, if not always, excluded works which have been seen before on its walls or in other public exhibitions in the city. This year, however, with a liberality greater than the Academy has been credited with possessing, invitations were extended to many who have not of late, for one reason or another, been contributing. This has tended to elevate the standard of the present exhibition. Not in years, if ever, has the average been so high. Doubtless, there are plenty of pictures that will concern but few observers, and there are not wanting also pictures that are entirely uninteresting—that is the fault partly of the system; but why dwell upon these when there is so much that is good to choose from?

An unusual number of snow scenes impart an air of lightness to the galleries, and incidentally provoke wonder whether the landscapists are staying more in the country or whether the taste for snow is merely a "tendency." Among these snow pictures none is more vigorous than Jonas Lie's Heart of the Woods, in which there is no sign of last year's life or next year's rejuvenescence; all vitality seems drowned in the inky black pool in the foreground. Quite the opposite is the animated glimpse of North River by George

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Bellows, in which the water seems actually to dance and the busy tugs to emit real steam—in a word, the canvas is an astonishing piece of realism. Ernest Lawson also has a realistic glimpse of the Hudson, full of floating ice; and E. W. Redfield shows two ably painted canvases of mingled snow and tawny earth. But for the more poetic side of winter one turns to Walter Nettleton's Winter in the Woods, so delightful in color and so searching in character. One almost hears the soughing of the wind in those pines, so strongly do they convey the spirit of the snowy forest.

Henry Rankin Poore, Charles Warren Eaton, and Leonard Ochtman, in their respective ways, impart a similar sense of relationship and intimacy with the scene. Equally, and sometimes even more successfully, D. W. Tryon, Elliott Daingerfield, Charles M. Dewey, Arthur Parton, Bruce Crane, Henry B. Snell, Henry W. Ranger, and Frederick B. Williams imbue their canvases with the spirit of the scene—together with the personal note—invaluable in pictures as in human beings. Similarly W. E. Schofield achieves his results with a couple of architectural scenes through which bits of sky and landscape are visible.

Something like the mysterious spirit of the night rushes past our ears, and the salt sea air gets into our nostrils as we watch the dancing waves and wonder at the wake of the invisible moon in Frank Benson's Moonlight by the Sea, while Charles Woodbury, in his Blue Wave, takes one far out to sea and leaves one there in solitude amid high running waves. In the presence of this canvas one has a singular sense of being adrift in an open boat, without much concern as to how one will get ashore. From William Gedney Bunce comes a Venetian moonlight that appeals to the eye fond of color, and there is a familiar but not remarkable sea piece by Winslow Homer. Other sea painters well represented are Gifford Beal, Howard R. Butler, and Childe Hassam.

Portraits abound. John Sargent, for example, is four times represented, and there are two portraits by J. J. Shannon, all adequate, if familiar, but from these notable artists nothing particularly brilliant. Edmund C. Tarbell's spacious canvas, in which is portrayed President Seelye of Smith College (recently shown at the Pennsylvania Academy), is likewise here, suffering somewhat in color by the transition to a franker light. Besides these there are an almost too vividly colored but vital portrait by Cecilia Beaux, an appreciatively done full-length figure of a woman by Lydia F. Emmet, another by the late John Lambert, and a spirited, almost full-length woman's figure signed by De Witt Lockman. These portraits do not, however, exhaust the resources of the show, but serve as mere hints.

Verging more on the ideal than the foregoing are figures and heads of interest and individuality by Sargent Kendall, Miss Genth, Charles W. Hawthorne, Alden Weir, H. Siddons Mowbray, George Barse, W. E. Smedley, Irving Wiles, and Abbott Thayer The Girl's Head, by the last named artist, though not one of his best representations of this oft-painted subject, is endowed with a nobility that bespeaks a soul looking out from behind those eyes. Moreover, every square inch of the canvas is instinct with an elusive charm. Of figure compositions one recalls especially those by William M. Chase, John La Farge, Hugo Ballin, Will H. Low, August Koopman, Jerome Meyers, H. W. Watrous, and Charles Curran.

In sculpture, a group of bas-reliefs by Augustus Saint-Gaudens makes strongly for sentiment and artistic quality, as does also the medallion portrait of Edward MacDowell by Helen Farnsworth Mears. There are, besides, various pieces in bronze, clay, plaster, and marble, mostly small, disposed here and there about the galleries, in no very impressive way, and thereby calling attention to the crying need of more adequate galleries.

BEN FOSTER.

It was a good idea to publish, as "Vasari on Technique" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), those prefatory chapters to the Lives, which have never heretofore been translated. The translation is now competently made by Louisa S. Maclehose and edited with introduction and notes by G. Baldwin Brown and accompanied with intelligently chosen illustrations. Vasari's notes on technical matters are often incomplete and disappointing, but it is well to have them, and one wonders why all translators of the Lives have omitted them.

A publication that should be of great value is that of "A Catalogue Raisonné of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," based on the work of John Smith, by C. Hofstede de Groot, with the assistance of Dr. W. R. Valentiner, translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. The first volume, including the works of Jan. Steen, Gabriel Metsu, Gerard Dou, Pieter de Hooch, Carel Fabritius, and Johannes Vermeer, is now brought out by the Macmillan Co. The labor represented in its preparation is evidently enormous, and to test the accuracy of its execution would entail a labor nearly as great. One can only say that it is a useful undertaking, and seems to have been conscientiously and thoroughly carried out.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has bestowed upon Edmund C. Tarbell the Academy gold medal of honor which is awarded "in recognition of high achievement in their profession, to American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the Academy or represented in the permanent collection, or who, for eminent services in the cause of art or to the Academy, have merited the distinction." Previous winners of this medal have been: Alexander Harrison, William M. Chase, Winslow Homer, D. Ridgway Knight, Edwin A. Abbey, Cecilia Beaux, Charles Grafly, Henry J. Thouron, James A. McNeill Whistler, John S. Sargent, John W. Alexander, William T. Richards, Violet Oakley, Horatio Walker, and Edward W. Redfield. Mr. Tarbell, who is represented in the Academy's permanent collection by The Golden Screen, showed in the Academy's 103d annual exhibition, which has just closed, three canvases; a woman's portrait (Mrs. A.), a little interior, and a large portrait of President Seelye of Smith College. A still more important group of his pictures is to be shown in the exhibition of works by "Ten American Painters" which will open at the Pennsylvania Academy April 11.

A scholarship competition open to all art students in the United States, with the exception of those in New York city, will be held at the Art Students' League of New York on April 27. Ten scholarships will be awarded for the best work shown, whether from life, antique, portrait, illustration, or composition. The jury will consist of the following instructors of the league: Kenyon Cox, F. Luis Mora, Edwin C. Taylor, Augustus Vincent Tack, Thomas Fogarty, William M. Chase, George B. Bridgman, Charles Henry White, James Earle Fraser, Wallace Morgan, Frank Vincent Dumond. These scholarships will entitle the holder to free tuition in any one class of the league during the winter term of 1908-1909. Work should be forwarded so as to reach the league not later than Monday, April 20.

An important building operation is to be undertaken in Rome. The Palazzetto di Venezia, that is the old Viridarium of Paul II., is to be removed from its present location and reërected between the Piazza S. Marco and the Via degli Astalli. The little street of Madama Lucrezia will thereby disappear, but the famous colossal bust of Lucrezia will be placed in the corner between the palazetto and the façade of the Palazzo di Venezia. The picturesque little square in front of the church of S. Marco will remain undisturbed.

A committee of well-known art-patrons in Vienna have contributed funds for the publication of a scientific work on the Palazzo di Venezia. The volume, which is to appear in May, will contain thirty-seven plates and seventy-five illustrations in the text. The authors are Dr. J. P. Dengel of Innsbruck, Professor Dvorak, and Dr. H. Egger of Vienna.

As a direct outcome of the lectures recently given in Rome and Florence by the English Egyptologist, Prof. B. P. Grenfell of the British Museum, an Italian Society for Archæological Exploration in Egypt is being formed, with the support of Prof. Pasquale Villari, Senator Domenico Comparetti, and Prof. G. Vitelli of Florence.

Among the exhibitions at dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by deceased American artists, from Copley to Whistler, at Macbeth's, till March 24; sculpture by Richard E. Brooks, Edward W. Deming, R. Evans, John Flanagan, and James E. Fraser, Bauer-Folsom's, March 28; landscapes by Arthur T. Hill, Powell's, March 28.

Last Thursday J. P. Silo held an auction of pictures collected by two New York dealers, Oehme and Ehrich. The following were among the more important sales; Constant Troyon, Return of the Flock, Evening, $7,000; Roybet, Cavalier, $1,350; Ziem, Grand Canal, Venice, $5,500; Jongkind, Evening Calm, $1,750; Rigaud, Portrait of Van Loo, $1,100; J. S. H. Kever, Home Life in Holland, $1,300; G. Pieters, Our Daily Bread, $1,000; Anton Mauve, Wood Cart, $1,300; Josef Israels, Reading the Talmud, $1,000; Largillière, Portrait of Vicomtesse d'Emonville, $1,100.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 29, the following pictures were sold: Lawrence, Portrait of Richard Brinsley

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Sheridan, £546; Early British School, Portrait of Miss Mary Ann Ayott and her brother, Henry Ayott, £535; Rembrandt, Titus, the artist's son, £215.

Finance.

THE COMPLEX FOWLER BILL.

Representative Fowler's currency bill has been endorsed by ex-Secretary Gage and Horace White. Both men urge that its purpose is to extinguish the present United States notes, and to base the currency as a whole on gold, not in any part on government securities. These are consummations devoutly to be wished; a measure whose primary aim is to achieve them is in so far at least commendable. The provision for twenty separate redemption agencies, whereby banknotes may be promptly redeemed without the delay and impediments imposed by the present law regarding the single redemption office at Washington, is also commended by experience.

The Fowler bill, however, goes far beyond these fundamental considerations, and undertakes a radical revision of the present banking system. It provides that the banks deposit in gold with the Treasury 5 per cent. of their outstanding notes and deposits, for a guarantee fund against failure to pay either notes or deposits on demand. But this guarantee fund is to be invested in purchase of the government bonds now held as collateral for bank circulation; and, to that extent, the government would not hold a cash guarantee, and the bill does not state how these bonds shall be employed for meeting losses. National banks are to be permitted to engage in trust company business, but under limitations in the main dependent on the varying State laws. The highly objectionable proviso of the present law, that three-fifths of the 15 per cent. cash reserve held by "country banks" against deposits may be redeposited in banks of remote cities—the evil effects of which were seen in the recent panic—is not only retained, but is made applicable to the similar reserve against the circulating credit notes. The bill is based on the assumption that these notes will not remain indefinitely outstanding, or be unduly inflated. These considerations illustrate the complexity of the bill, and show why Congress and the people are weighing it rather deliberately. The advocates of the bill say that their first opposition was removed by a more thorough study; but, as a result of such study, other persons have been filled with doubt as to the operation of certain clauses of this ambitious measure.

The two provisos on which discussion will converge, are those which arrange for a guarantee of bank deposits and for the admission of national banks into the field of the trust companies. The two features are more or less connected, because the guarantee fund, which is based, as to amount, on experience with national bank failures in the past, will necessarily cover deposits held under the trustee powers conferred upon banks. The need for this extension of the powers of national banks is not evident, and there is no reason to suppose that the banks themselves have solicited it. The section of the bill conferring these powers stipulates, as was inevitable, that they shall be exercised "in accordance with the laws of the State or Territory where situated or located." In view of the broad interpretation which has been placed on the State laws for trust company accounts, in New York and elsewhere, the effect of this authorization is perplexing. Here in New York, the recent practice has been to assume that any deposit with a trust company is a "trustee account" under the terms of the law, to be administered and invested without the restraints surrounding an ordinary bank deposit. That trust companies have been used as engines of promotion and speculation, and have been thus employed by institutions prohibited by their own charters from engaging in such enterprises, was proved by the life insurance investigation. Mr. Fowler's proposal would not necessarily lead national banks to embark their own funds in such undertakings; but the possibility is present, and it is far from reassuring. It has been intimated that the purpose of this section is to force the trust companies, through the guarantee of deposits in the national system, to take out charters as national banks. Granted this result, the national banks would become trust companies and the trust companies national banks, each intruding farther into the other's field. Such an outcome can hardly be called salutary.

Compulsory guarantee of bank deposits ought to be considered with great caution. Mr. Bryan has assumed that opposition to such a law arises from dislike on the part of strong banks to seeing weaker institutions placed on a par with them in the eyes of the average depositor. Objection on this ground is, of course, not valid. But the argument that such guarantee would go a long way towards putting incompetently or dishonestly managed banks on a par with the sound and honest, is more serious. The Fowler bill attempts to obviate this difficulty by providing that the several banknote redemption agencies, through boards selected by the banks of the district, shall have general power of supervision through their own bank examiners. Yet the New York Clearing House Committee possessed this very power in the case of the so-called "Morse banks," and it was of very little use. It requires no great imagination to picture what advantages the promoters in the "chain bank" system would have enjoyed, with the public's doubts or suspicions allayed by a guarantee of depositors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Interludes and Poems. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
American Antiquarian Society, Proceedings of the. Worcester, Mass.: Published by the Society.
Arrhenius, Svante. Worlds in the Making. Harpers. $1.60 net.
Baldwin, James Mark. Thought and Things. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Berliner Jahrbuch fur Handel und Industrie. Berlin: Reimer.
Bianchi, Martha Gilbert Dickinson. A Modern Prometheus. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Bullen, Frank T. The Call of the Deep. Dutton. $1.50.
Castro and the Asphalt Trust. New York.
Crockett, S. R. Deep Moat Grange. Appletons. $1.50.
Dearmer, Mrs. Percy. The Sisters. McClure Co.
Dinger, H. C. Handbook for the Care and Operation of Naval Machinery. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Freedom and Fellowship in Religion. Edited by Charles W. Wendte. Boston, Mass.; International Council.
Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Black Death. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hasse, Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hinckley, Henry Barrett. Notes on Chaucer, Northampton, Mass.: The Nonotuck Press.
Howells, William Dean. Fennel and Rue. Harpers. $1.50.
Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Lea, Homer. The Vermilion Pencil. McClure Co.
Leland's Itinerary in England. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. II. Macmillan.
Lemaître, Jules. Jean Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Jeanne Mairet. McClure Co.
Lloyd, Francis Ernest. The Physiology of Stomata. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Mackaye, Percy. The Scarecrow. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Manfroni, Camillo. Storia dell' Olanda, Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Mayow, John. Medico-Physical Works. University of Chicago Press. $1.36.
Meriwether, Colyer. Our Colonial Curriculum. Washington, D. C.: Capital Publishing Co. $2.
Miller, Elizabeth. The City of Delight. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Mosby, John S. Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.
National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children. Plainfield, N. J.; Watchung Crest.
Ober, Frederick A. Juan Ponce de Leon. Harpers. $1 net.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. The Unlucky Family. Dutton. $1.50.
Peters, Madison C. Justice to the Jew. McClure Co.
Pitman, Benn, and Jerome B. Howard. Legal Forms. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
Post, Emily. Woven in the Tapestry. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Rath, E. J. The Sixth Speed. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Revolution on the Upper Ohio, 1775-1777. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites and Louise P. Kellogg. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society.
Sinclair, May. The Judgment of Eve. Harpers. $1.25.
Snaith, J. C. William Jordan, Junior. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
State and Local Taxation. First National Conference, 1907. Macmillan Co. $4.
Van Tyne, Claude Halstead, and Waldo Gifford Leland. Guide to the Archives of the Government of the United States in Washington. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Wer ist's? (The German Who's Who). G. E. Stechert & Co.

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